

*MacTernan Prize Essay.—I.*

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IRISH PROSE

BY

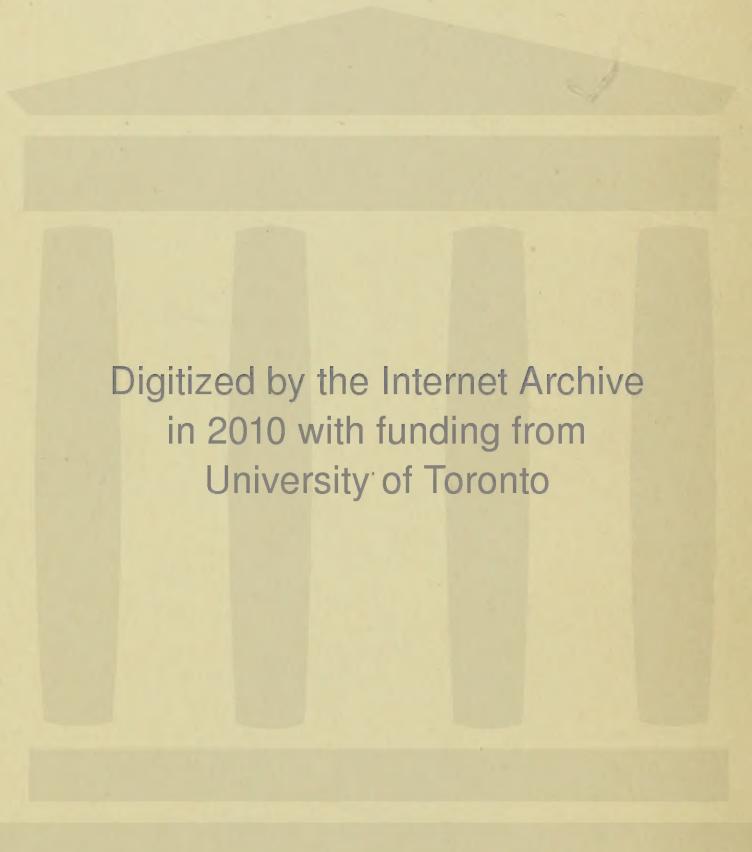
REV. PATRICK DINNEEN

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Published for the Society for the Preservation of  
the Irish Language.





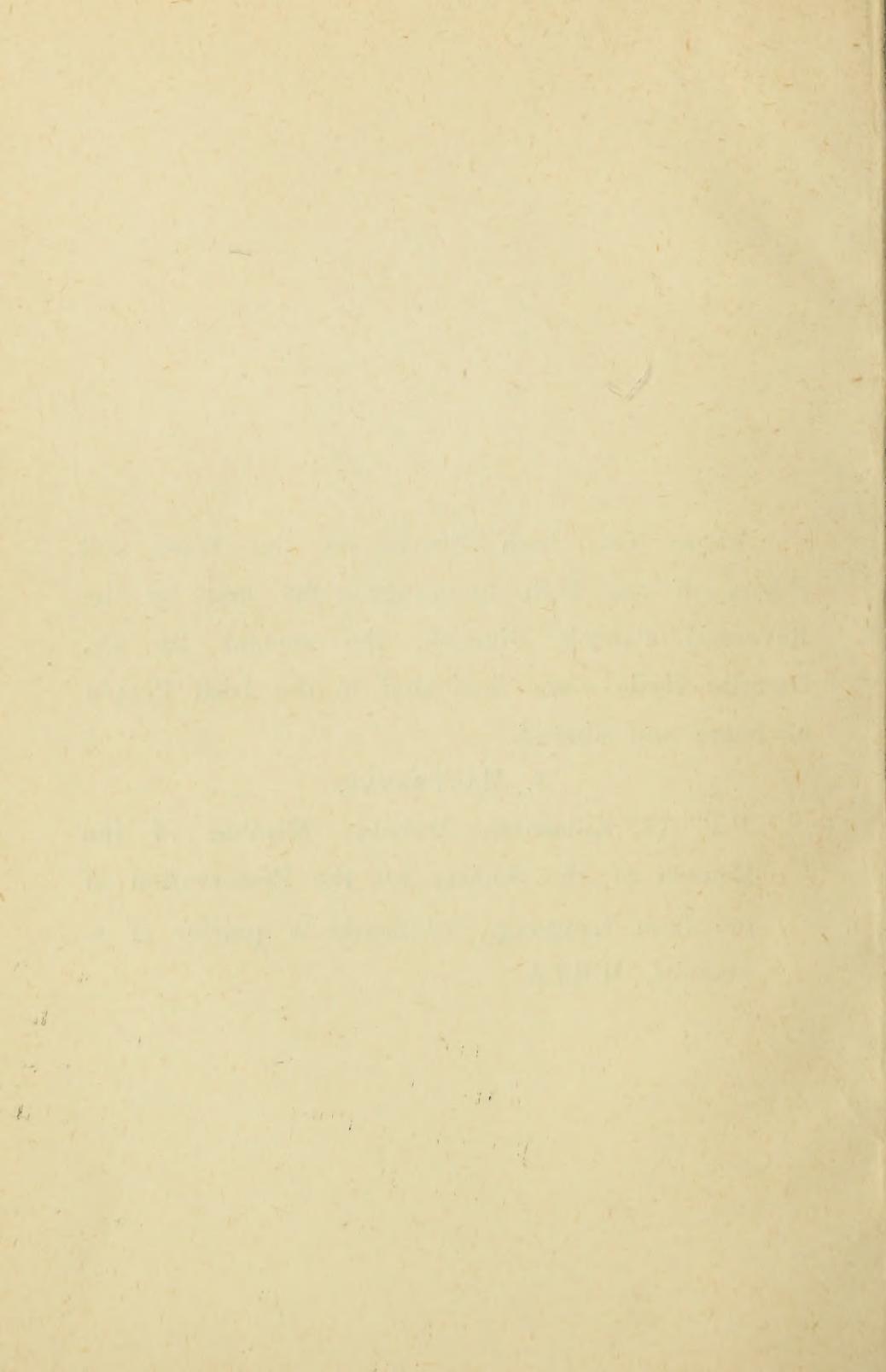


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Those two Irish Essays on the Prose and Poetry of the Irish Language — the first by the Reverend Patrick Dinneen, the second by Dr. Douglas Hyde — are dedicated to the Irish People at home and abroad.

S. MACTERNAN,

P.P. of Killasnett, Ireland; Member of the Council of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language for nearly a quarter of a century, M.R.I.A.





# MacTernan Prize Essays, No. 1.

TRÁCTANNA  
AR SON DU AISE MIC TIGEARNÁIN—I.

# PRÓS GAEDEALAC.

TRÁCT I NGAEÓILG, MAILLE LE N-A AIRTELUIUÍS AÓ  
I MBÉAPILA, AGUS FOCLOÍN.

LEIR AN

# ATÁIR PÁDRAIG UA QUINNÍN.

UÍSDOIR “CÓIMHAIC UÍ CONAILL,” “CÍILLE HÁIPINE,” 7C.

—o—

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ÁR NA CÚR AMAC

11. 12. 52

DO

CUMANN BUAN-COIMHEÁDTA NA GAEÓILGE.

I MBÁILE-ATÁ-CLIAT:

LE

M. H. SULL, A MAC, I SRÁID UÍ CONAILL.

1902.

# MacTernan Prize Essays--I.

## IRISH PROSE,

AN ESSAY IN IRISH WITH TRANSLATION IN  
ENGLISH AND A VOCABULARY,

BY

REV. PATRICK DINNEEN,

Author of "CORMAC O'CONNELL," "KILLARNEY," &c.

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IRISH LANGUAGE.

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## P R E F A C E .

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THE following Essay on “Irish Prose” owes its existence to the generosity of Very Rev. Fr. Stephen MacTernan, P.P., who placed a hundred pounds in the hands of the Council of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language, with a view to procuring two essays in Irish, dealing with the entire field of Irish literature. The vastness of the subject chosen, and the limitation as to the length of the Essay, made the task one of great difficulty. An adequate treatment of early Irish prose literature alone would require several volumes. A difficulty, too, which at first sight seemed insurmountable, arose from the entire absence in modern Irish of the technical terms which are the ordinary stock in trade of the literary historian and critic. But a beginning must be made in this direction, and aesthetic criticism must be cultivated in Irish, if that language is to make good its claim to be heard as a living speech amid the babel of European tongues. Indeed, there is no greater want at the present moment to the student of Irish, than a sound, sympathetic, literary appreciation of Irish literature, whether ancient or modern. No literature with which I am acquainted requires more exceptional treatment or more careful handling than

ours. Ancient Irish literature stands alone, at once the relic and record of a distinct, unique and isolated civilization. It would be uncritical to judge "The Bruidhen Da Derga," for instance, as one might judge the *Aeneid*. It bears, indeed, marks of distinct kinship with the Plays of *Aeschylus*; but it is far less important to dwell on its remote resemblances to the great classic masterpieces, than to study carefully and sympathetically the work itself. Modern Irish literature, both prose and verse is unique and isolated, and refuses to reveal its beauties to those who approach it with minds set in fixed grooves by the reading of modern European writers, and with a stock of conventional phrases drawn from manuals of literature.

A distinct and isolated literature connotes a distinct and isolated civilization, and a distinct and isolated race. We cannot study the characteristics of a race or civilization if we come to their literary monuments with a stock of pre-conceived conventionalities. Our literature must be taken as a whole, we must study its rise, development and decline. We must trace the marks of unmistakable identity that it reveals at different periods, we must study it in the concrete, as it is the direct outcome of periods of peaceful prosperity or of religious enthusiasm, or again, of a national cataclysm of unexampled violence. Whether Irish literature, taken as a whole, is inferior, say, to German or Spanish literature taken as a whole, is a question that may interest the literary theorist, but it is a question, that to

my thinking is far less important than this: what are the distinct features of Irish literature? What does it tell us of the historic mind of our race? What message does it bear us across centuries of political turmoil, of religious zeal, of fire and blood? It is the voice of vanished generations of our forefathers. It has its faults and weaknesses, no doubt, but a critical study of it will reveal rare beauties of style and language, and a genuine, enthusiastic, overflowing, human sympathy, which, if carefully fostered, is calculated to act on the present generation as a refreshing breeze from the bosom of the west.

pádraig ua tuinnín.

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prós gaeðealac.

# PRÓS SAEDEALAC.

—o—

AN CÉAD ALT.

— —

NA SEAN-ÚIR-SGÉALTA I SCOITCÍANN.

Cialluigéann phróir, nó caint rísuíteá, i scoitcíann, gac aon trásgar ríspíbhinné ná fuil i meadair. Do réirí na bhríos ríeo áirimísgteári oibhreacá ríancair, ginealaic, agus ríúrlabhrí coitcian na nuaoinéad i meairg oibhreac jhróir. Acht tá bhrísg eile leis an bfhocal ná tógann an mériod ríin ari fad iptimeac. Cialluigéann rí ríspíbhinn ná oíráid ceapruigéte le glicíocar lítríseacáta i ná fuil fuinte i meadair; agus do réirí na bhríos ríain, ní áirimísgteári oibhreacá tráctar ari na réilteannai, ná ari algebhria, i meairg oibhreac jhróir.

Ír léiri guri féidirí o'obairi jhróir beit fuinte le glicíocar móri lítríseacáta, agus i n-deimhn ná fuil ó n-a lán ríob acht meadairi éum beit 'n-a laoróti. Inír na háltaib ríeo leanas tráctfaimí, an éirí i mó, ari an bhríos lítríseacáta.

Ír jró-ðeacairi an obairi tráct ari jhróir Saeðealaic, óiri i jró-ðeacairi teacáit ari an mériod atá le fagbáil re. Tá an éirí i mó do ríspíbhinnib Saeðealaica gán cupi i gcloró fór. Tá ríao ríspírígéte inír na leabharlannai

# IRISH PROSE.

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## CHAPTER I.

---

### THE OLD ROMANCES IN GENERAL.

Prose, or “unbound” language, signifies in general every kind of writing that is not in metre. According to this signification, works of history and genealogy, and the common speech of the people are reckoned as prose. But there is another signification of the word that does not extend it to all these. It signifies writing or discourse conceived with literary skill, and which is not composed in metre; and according to this meaning, works treating of the stars, or of algebra, are not reckoned amongst prose works.

It is plain that a prose work may be composed with high literary skill, and, indeed, several such works only want metre to make them poems. In these chapters we shall treat chiefly of literary prose.

It is very difficult to treat of Irish prose, as it is no easy matter to reach what is extant of it. The greater part of Irish writings is yet unpublished. They are scattered throughout the great libraries of Europe, and

móraí ari fuaire na h-Eorpa, agus tá újmóri tábhfuil i gceloibh níos i n-íomhleabhríab ná bionn a dtairteal ari na daomhíb i gcoitcianann, acht amáin ari an aor foighlumhá. Ní hé rín amáin, acht tá an phróf litriúiseaccta ceilte, foliúiscte inar na leabhríab láimh-rgliúibh féin, i dtíreó guri deacairi iad do fóláthair, an fáid atá cíomháinse de ginealaits, ír a leitceáidíre inar gac aon ball. Iar fíor, leir, guri éas na rcoláimhse Gaeoéalaacha a bpríomh-aire do'n phróf do cíaoibh-rgaoilfeadh na cíuad-focaíl Gaeoéalaacha atá le fagbáil inar na fean-leabhríab, nó do tábairfadh eolais dúnún ari nórtaibh ari rinnreapí, nó do néiríteocadh gac cíuad-chéist dárí feancaí, nó do tábairfadh cunnatar cinnte ari fean-lioráibh ír ari fean-fochtuacáibh na tíre, ír guri féanadair na húili-rgéalta, na tainiúde ír gac trácht eile a bhí fuithe le glicíocair litriúiseaccta. Uime rín aodáipfaró an léigtheoirí neamh-éigreanaí, ari léigthead na leabhar fain, guri b'fín é an fagair litriúiseaccta bhí ari fad agairinn, agus ag bualaod a láimh ari an "Cíonicum Scotórum," d'fhiachrócaidh ré óiot: "An é rín an fagair litriúiseaccta atá le taibheánaodh i nGaeoileas agairíb? Már é, ní fíu é d'foghlaim ná duaoí ari bít d'fagbáil uairó."

Tá phróf mairi an "Cíonicum Scotórum" inar gac aon teangealainn 'fan Eorpa, ciond nácaid ceapairt phróf litriúiseaccta do glicíocair aí, taoibh le taoibh le rgéaltaibh ír fíairíteabhair láin do bhréaghtácht ír uíomháigheaccht, ír círíte le cíeile go bhríodháil, gaird, fuaimeantamail. 'N-a teannta fain ír mairi an comártá ari ari litriúiseaccht go bhrúil cunnatar

the greater part of those pieces that have been published is confined to magazines, not within the reach of the people in general, but only of the learned. Nay, further, the prose pieces of literary value are stowed away and concealed even in the manuscripts, so that it is difficult to find them, while chronicles and genealogies and the like are to be found everywhere. It is true, moreover, that Irish scholars gave their first attention to prose works that would serve to elucidate the difficult Irish words that are to be found in the old books, or that would throw light for us on the customs of our ancestors, or that would unravel the vexed problems of our history, or that would give an exact account of the ancient forts and ruins of the country, and that they avoided the romances, the accounts of cattle spoils and the other tracts that were composed with literary skill. For this reason the unskilled reader, on reading their works, would imagine that we had no other kind of literature but this, and he might ask you, placing his hand on "The Chronicum Scotorum," "Is this the only sort of literature that you have to show in Irish? If it be, then, it is not worth studying or being at all concerned about."

There is prose like "The Chronicum Scotorum," though we should not call it literary prose, in every language in Europe, side by side with tales and tracts full of beauty and imaginativeness, and composed with skill, force, and spirit. Besides, it is a good sign of our literature that we have an account of our ancestors as

čom cinnite ari ari ríngreagaib againn iŋ tá le léigseas  
 'ran "C̄h̄iōnicum Scotóium," 'ran "Leabhar Gabála,"  
 iŋ i n-a leit̄eiroib. Deapbaird leabhairi tá r̄aðar go  
 jaib na daoine t̄áinig riomhainn cliste čum gac níó do  
 bain le n-a noút̄car do r̄sglúndao. Tuigaird na leabhairi  
 seo, leis, a lán feasa óúinn ari neit̄ib baineas le n-ari  
 lit̄igseac̄t, bío nac̄ lit̄igseac̄t iad féin.

Acht ní fágann r̄ain ḡan lit̄igseac̄t r̄inn, agus t̄áid  
 r̄coláiriúde na hEorpa anoir ag luaó ari r̄ean-lit̄ig-  
 seac̄ta, agus 'gá jað ná fuil a leit̄eiro tá haoir le  
 fagbáil 'ran domán.

Iŋ miain linn-ne, 'ran tr̄ligiú atá ceapuigte óúinn,  
 tuairiúig éigin do t̄abhairt ari an bpríóir ḡaeðealač, acht  
 ní féidir óúinn é go léiri do r̄sglúndao, iŋ dá bhlíð r̄in  
 níl againn acht foillíriusgád éigin do óéanam ari an  
 gcuimh iŋ feárrí oe, iŋ iarrhais ari an léigteoirí é do  
 léigseas do féin.

Iŋ iad cálírde coit̄cianna an r̄ean-þríóir ḡaeðealač  
 ná neart iŋ r̄aiðbheac̄t iomháigseac̄ta, dactamhlačt foill-  
 riúigte iŋ ceaptačt jaíóte. Tráctaí a lán dári r̄ean-  
 r̄sgéaltaib ari neart ḡraoirdeac̄ta; marí óéanann an  
 ḡraoirdeac̄t deíte do óaoinib, iŋ cuipeann maire iŋ  
 fuinneam iŋ óige ari r̄ean-ðaoinič c̄lóna, foillbte,  
 fanna; marí óéanann riogð-bhlíus aolmair, r̄aiþring, iol-  
 biaðač, i n-a mbis mná uairle, r̄préimeamla ag ól iŋ  
 ag aoiðneas i ŋeomhároib aereac̄a, do ńotáinín óoríca  
 deatais. Acht iŋ geall le ḡraoirdeac̄t féin maire iŋ  
 áilne na n-úir-rgéal ro i r̄aiðbheac̄t, i mbhiačjaib  
 bhlíogðmair, iŋ i n-iomháigseac̄t. Ag léigseas na n-éac̄t

exact as that which may be read in “The Chronicum Scotorum,” in “The Book of Invasions” and such like. Such books prove that the people who came before us were skilled in investigating all things relating to their country. Besides, these books though not themselves literature, give us much information pertaining to our literature.

But we are not, on that account, without a literature, and the scholars of Europe are at present drawing attention to our ancient literature, and proclaiming that, for the age in which it was written, it has no equal in the world.

We propose in the space assigned to us to give some account of Irish prose, but we cannot investigate the whole of it, and therefore, it only remains for us to give some description of the best portion of it, and to beg the reader peruse it for himself.

The common characteristics of early Irish prose are wealth of imagery, brilliancy of description and propriety of expression. Many of our old authors describe the power of wizardry ; how it transforms men into gods and imparts beauty and vigour and youth to weak, withered, and feeble old age ; how it converts a dark, smoky cabin into a royal mansion, bright, spacious, rich in viands, where fair, noble dames drink and enjoy themselves in halls of airiness. But the beauty and splendour of these romances, their richness of forceful language, and their imagery act like magic itself. As we read these wondrous events we are treading

go d'úinn, is é fórd cumhra na hÉireann atá fá n-aoí  
gcofraibh. Sláinte an féiri, cumhraíct na gceasraibh is na  
otóiri, an t-aerí ciúin, cneasra, roghairí, an cnocán,  
an fánaó, an bán rocairi, ló-éslas, na móin-féiri brieáchtá,  
bláthára, an éairé meári, binn-éslóraí — cumhír fín  
uile i n-umail d'úinn go bfuilimíod ag riubhal ari bántaibh  
mine pierde Éille Óarla, nó na Misde, nó i gcomhgarraíct  
do Baile-Átha-Cliat, marí a bfeicimíod na boibh-étonnta  
dá luairgáod ríomháraíde le gaoctair, nó le hain Eamáin  
Máca, nó tímcheall Ériuaína Meróibh.

Ní gan eolas, leir, atáimíod ari na feairí ari ná  
mnáibh do bhuailéann iomáinn inír na n-úirlis-rgéaltaibh seo  
— fír crioí, círiata, árth-méanmaíca, feairgáca, ullamá  
cum maiteacáir do d'éanamh do namair; mná áilne,  
maireamhla, roilbhíre, grieannmára, lán-abairde. Tmeairg  
na curdeacáta fain, is léiri d'úinn go bfuilimíod ari fórd na  
hÉireann, agus i bfocháiri ari nuaimeadó tipeamhail  
fén. Aict ní hionnan an tpeo atá oíche inír na rgéaltaibh  
is tár i n-riú. Do hoileadó na fíri seo le cleasraíb  
fiaóraíg agus do cleacátaíri anró is círuaórtan bhusighe  
is coiméarraigí. Maríod újmóri dá gaoigál fá d'ion ná  
rgéire. Bionn riad ag círrfáil na gcoillteadó, lusigíod  
riod ari bhrúacáibh glasa na n-abann. Téid riad ag  
feilg ari leirigíb Cláir Lúisc, is cluicíod an fiaó is an  
faolcú, is ní le gaoctairí ná le ceoltaibh tpiomparáde, aict  
le mire a gcor. Ní gan rígiatc is ga a bhrí i gcomhuriáde,  
is bionn roctiom catá ríomháraíde le héisiteacáit 'n-a  
tímcheall.

Is taparó lútháraí iad na mná leir, agus ní ag baile

on the fragrant Irish sward. The verdure of the grass, the fragrance of the boughs and of the shrubs, the calm, pleasant delightful air, the hillock, the slope, the level, verdant pasture, the beautiful, blooming meadows, the rapid, sweet-sounding stream, all these remind us that we are treading the smooth, level plains of Kildare or of Meath, or in the neighbourhood of Dublin, where we behold the fierce waves ever a-rocking by the force of winds, or beside Eamhain Macha or round Cruachan of Maev.

Nor are we unacquainted with the men and women we meet in these romances—brave men, strong, highspirited, wrathful, ready to forgive an enemy; beautiful, splendid women, cheerful, merry, vivacious. In such a company, we perceive we stand on Irish soil and with our own countrymen. But the state of the people in these romances is different from that of the people of to-day. These men were bred to be proficient in the chase and they habituated themselves to the difficulty and hardships of war and conflicts. They live the greater part of their lives in the open air; they range the woods, they lay them down on the green margins of the rivers. They hunt on the plains of Clár Luirc, and they chase the deer and wolf, not with dogs and the music of trumpets, but with their fleetness of foot. They are never without shield and spear, and the din of battle is ever heard around them.

The women, too, are active and vigorous, and they

fanann riad. Ní gan riordaróe iñ ghlór bheac a bionn riad, acht iñ mó atá a nuaócas ar lárainí a gcláon-riosd ná ar éadaisíb péapilaíca éum cíoróche na bfiadóinighe réo do fíladaó. Atá deiríri eile ionú na daoiniúb réo iñ ari nuaoiniúb féin. Tá an tír i n-a gcomhnuighe neamh-pleaóac. Ní aonáin ná fuil eagla oíche róimh amaraiúb na n-eacátríann, acht beirír ari uairíb a gcurid feirgse ari deirír-fíucaó ticearna na mara go rleibtíb iñ dainginib Alban. Do bí, fóir, a n-úrlabhrá féin aca, iñ níorí Shábaó d'óibh beit ag bhuotairíeac i mbéapla a namhao.

Acht cuijtearí atáilisúighe aongantac ari na neitíb réo go léir le díaoirdeacáit ó'n uisgoairí. Atáilisúigheann rí na fíri iñ na mná ro, iñ déanán rí laochea iñ bain-tísearainí, nó déite iñ bain-déite d'íob. Ní le híomáisgeacht focal déantairí an t-atáilisúighe aon, acht le neairt foillriúighe aongantais i n-a gcomhítearí geara ari an domhan ari fad éum dul i gcomólitair leo i dtíréime iñ i léiri-mairé. Tá gac éacáit, gac tuiar, gac crieac, gac tóir, atáilisúighe le cumair díaoirdeacáta an uisgoairí. Tugair na gairgírúis cuijairt móri-dtiméacall na gcoilltearó éom héarcáir, abairó leir na fiaóinib, iñ d'úiríochtú ríúr ari a bfialtíseac, iñ beirír oíche ful a riúr i bfaid. Iñ áit, datamail, mairfeamail iad na cuijairó réo; cuijairt fmaic ari atácaib, iñ fuairglair mairgheana bionn i nuaorí-bhuiúr. Iñ coimhail le fóthiom na rítoiríme 'fan ngeimhreacá éomhúigheac fuaim a ngsa ag gábáil ari a céile. Tá a lúiní catá éomh fiaóin le ghlórí na lúiní-conn marí

do not stay at home. They are not without silks and speckled satin, but they trust more to the light of their fascinating eyes than to pearly robes, to win the hearts of the hunters. There is another difference between these people and those of our own day. The country in which they live is independent. Not only are they not afraid of the attacks of foreigners, but they sometimes go across the sea in seething wrath, to the mountains and fastnesses of Alba. They possessed, moreover, their native speech, and they had no need to stammer in the dialect of their enemy.

But all these things undergo a wonderful transformation, through the magic power of the author. That magic power changes those men and women into heroes and noble ladies, or into gods and goddesses. It is not by imaginativeness of language that this transformation is wrought, but by means of wonderful description, in which the whole world is pressed into service to furnish comparison for them in valour and in beauty. Every great deed, every journey, every spoil, every pursuit becomes transfigured by the author's magic charm. The heroes range over the woods as swiftly, as vigorously as the wild-deer; these they awaken from their dens, and catch before they have run long. These warriors are tall, handsome, beautiful; they subdue giants, and release maidens who are kept in captivity. Like to the noise of the storm in the wild winter is the noise of their spears, as they crash against one another. Their battle cry is as wild as the roar of the angry

\_bhuijriod gan faoiheamh ari 1nir Dailbhre. If marí tēiniró aðanta ná réivead le gairbh-ghaoit a bhfealid lá an tiocht-altaif. Ni do réiji cleas comhlaic, marí cleacáit ari i ndui iad, do cùmtaróe a ntíreara. Ni oí cleacáit ari i lámhac tóileac, rocaí, ó ionad foluighe, acht reagamh le céile i n-aighaird a náinad i n-a mballairiib beo-abaird daonna. Leomhain do b'ead iad, comh láirí, comh mean-mhac le gairbhrioiib na Tríae, if nári b'férdirí a gcuiochtáct ná a meirneac do fáiliúchád i rtáiri ná i n-úri-rgéal.

Má tá deaimead oírt i dtaoibh aontaícta if ionnanaícta na Litriúiseacáta Gaeoilealaíse i n-iomáigheacáit if i nua-ámhlaíct ionnrais ó tóir go deiread, cuij i gcomórtas na húri-rgéalta if ríne atá agairn leis na hainmíanaibh do cùmao 'fan Muinníain 'fan t-octmao haoif déag. Tós marí bun comórtasair maijre if úri-þreáigh-ctáct ban. If cinnte nári léigearadair filiöe na Muinnían jum "Togail b'fuiridne Dá Deilgá," ná "Táin bó Cuailghe," ná fóir "Tocmaijs Eamhí," acht 'n-a taoibh rian if ionnán náct mórí an moibh foillriúcháe atá le fagbáil 'rna n-úri-rgéaltaibh reo agus i n-aímíanaibh Aoðagáin Uí Raibhaille if Eogain Ruaird Uí Shúilleabáin. Ni heasú amáin go bfuil deall-riamh le céile aca marí a b'fuiridneá iorúi rtáirteibh aoiinne, cionú go mbead a n-ugraibh róní-ðeigilte ó n-a céile, acht anuifte if ionnán na rímuainte if an moibh foillriúcháe, if ionnán a n-iomáigheacáit álainn ag tóráct tairí maijre nádúrta if daonna, if go cinnte ag cuij ríor ari léiri-maijre ban.

waves as they break without ceasing on Inis Dairbhe. Like to a kindling fire excited by fierce winds, is their rage on the day of vengeance. Their ranks of battle were not formed according to the military tactics in vogue at the present day. They did not practice straight, steady shooting from a hiding place, but they stood together in the face of the enemy, as live, quick, human walls. Heroes were they, as strong, as high-spirited as the champions of Troy ; heroes, whose valour and daring are unsurpassed in story or romance.

If you be in doubt as to the unity and identity of Irish literature in imaginativeness and brilliancy of colouring from first to last, compare the oldest romances we possess, with the songs which were composed in Munster in the eighteenth century. Take as the basis of comparison, the beauty and loveliness of woman. It is certain that the Munster poets never read "The Destruction of Da Derga's Hostel," or "The Cattle Spoils of Cooley," or yet "The Wooing of Emir," nevertheless, the style of description to be found in these romances is almost identical with that to be found in the songs of Egan O'Rahilly and Eoghan Ruadh O'Sullivan. It is not merely that they resemble one another, as beautiful passages might do, whose authors lived widely apart from one another, but here the thoughts and the style of description are the same, the splendid imaginativeness in describing natural or human beauty, and especially in describing the comeliness of woman, is also the same.

Is óis linn-ne guri giotra dá céile i moð foill-  
riúche, aimpáin Eogam Ruairí agus úili-riúchealta mar  
“Togail Buiarone Da Veig,” ná a bfuil nuas i gárra  
d'aon litriúcheacht eile 'fan Eogair—ná Shelli agus  
Beoulf, ná Goethe agus an Nibelungenlied. Acht  
cúir i gcuimne go bfuil foillriúchad iongantach na rean-  
uighdair ro leacuighche i n-úili-riúchealtaibh fada, veag-führinte,  
veag-cúmha, táicte i bpríóir rió-ghrieannta. Acht 'fan  
t-oecthaodh haorí véag, agus tímcheall na haimrithe riu, do  
b'éigin coéall filiúcheachtá do éuri ari usdair, i gcaidhneachad  
do ghríofaighdair le rian-feirigh dántaíail rul a bfuigfeá  
an foillriúchad céasna uairí. B'éigin a meabhairi do éuri  
ari leit-áineadh le cumhaodh ná ghláodh ná éad ná foimad.  
Ní gan rtoimíb filiúcheachtá do lúigeanann a  
caidhneachad ari mactnáim ari fíorí-mairé nádúrta ná daonna.  
Do ríomíobh an rean-usdair i bpríóir fíocairi, cíuim, maoilíodh,  
acht b'filiúcheacht an príóir rian, ciosadh ná riaibh ré fumte  
i meadair. Do mairi ré i n-aimriti fíocairi, cneasta, agus  
do b'í báirí aige le bpríóir fíocairi. B'é príóir a úrlabhrá  
nádúrta, agus i gcaillte an príóir riu ná neart,  
fíocairiúcheacht i gceiliú-iomáigheacht.

Márt mian linn an t-áidhneachad Gaeothealaic t'feicrint  
'n-a fíliúcháid nádúrta féin, gan cír i gcaidhneachad ari le fumteacht  
tarbair fíliúcháid, ní fuláirí vúinn an rean-príóir Gaeothealaic  
do lúigeanach. Do mairi na huighdairi do b'í agairinn le  
dáiríreanairge i n-aimriti bhuairdeartha; ní riaibh ré t'fionn  
oíche ríomíobhád i n-aon-éori guri milleadh an t-anam aca  
le hrión i gcaillte, i gcaillte a gceiliúrach, agus i

It seems to us that the songs of Eoghan Ruadh and romances like “The Destruction of Da Derga’s Hostel,” approach nearer to one another in description than what is ancient and modern in any other European literature, than Shelley and Boewulf, than Goethe and the Nibelungenlied. We must bear in mind, however, that these wonderful descriptions of the ancient authors are embedded in long, shapely, well-constructed romances, written in splendid prose, while in the eighteenth century and about that time, it was necessary to rouse an author to poetical enthusiasm, and to excite his mind with the frenzy of song, before he could be got to produce similar descriptions. His soul must be first touched with grief or love, jealousy or envy. Not without the wild rush of a poetical storm does his mind contemplate natural and human loveliness. The ancient author wrote in calm, steady, majestic prose, but that prose was poetry, though not composed in metre. He lived in a calm, refined age, and he had an affection for beauty. Prose was the natural vehicle of his thoughts, and the characteristics of that prose are strength, sobriety and imaginativeness.

If we desire to see the Irish mind in its own congenial state without its being influenced by foreign oppression, let us read ancient Irish prose. Our recent authors lived in troubled times, they had no inclination to write at all, till their souls were crushed with grief and frenzy, and till indignation lit up their hearts, and in their

n-a láoróchtib — cionó nápi éuimnísgeadairi oírtá — atá cárlióe na rean-uísdairi go roiléi le feicrint. Caiónimíod an ion-nanaíct síorúlairóe rín na rean-litriúsgeacáta íf na nuadó-litriúsgeacáta do éuigrint go mó-ésléineac, má'r mian linn bheiret comhphiom do éabhairt ari ari litriúsgeacáta go léir, íf i do meaighas i n-aigairi litriúsgeacáta na hEorpa íf an domáin i scoitcianann. Íf le congnáin ónnuadó-litriúsgeacáct gúri féidirí rúinn círaobhrúsaileas éigín oícheamhnaíc do éuiri ari úirl-rgéaltaib na rean-uísdair. Minigéann an t-rean-litriúsgeacáct a lán dá bfuil neamh-éanáthac, do-éuigre i n-aomhánaib íf i noántaib na h-ochtmaíth haoíre déag. Ní headó nápi oísgair an litriúsgeacáct éadairleacáit i fénim amháic, íf ná deacairí rí i bfeabhar íf i noéine íf i ugéire, acht gúrlab é an rathar feabhair cíoc-phaír ari ériéan-aigseanáth ériéiteamair le neairt buairdearaita íf léir-buile.

Níor b'féríodír linn cunnatar ceapit do éabhairt ari pharóibhleacáct focal íf ari moíth lonnriac foillriúscé Eogain Ruairí íf Mic Dhomhnaill, íf filidhe na haoíre rín, muna mbeas iorúi láimair agaínn le léigeará, “Tóigáil bhuiríone Dá Deigí,” “Táin bó Cuailgne,” “Tocmaric Eamair,” “Cáit Rúif na Rí,” &c. Ó aimhíri an úirl-rgéil, “Tóigáil bhuiríone Dá Deigí,” go haimhíri Eogain Ruairí, níl aomháir ná go riaibh trácht i n-aíri éuairí ari litriúsgeacáct i n-olcas, acht níor aitairíusír rí muam a cíuic, agus atá rí ‘n-aíri meaigh le déirdeanairghe níor pharóibhle íf níor lonnriúscé ‘ná muam.

poems, the characteristics of the ancient authors—though they were unconscious of them—are plainly to be seen. We must understand clearly this continuous identity of our ancient and modern literature, if we desire to form a just estimate of our literature as a whole, and to weigh it against the literature of Europe and of the world at large. It is by assistance from the modern literature that we are enabled to offer some suitable explanation of the romances of the ancient authors. The old literature explains much that is strange and hard to account for in the songs and poems of the eighteenth century. It is not that there has not been a development in Irish literature and that it has not advanced on the lines of intensity and acuteness, but the advancement is that of a strong, gifted mind through the influence of trouble and frenzy.

We could not satisfactorily account for the wealth of language, and the brilliant descriptive style of Eoghan Ruadh and Mae Donnell, and of the poets of that time, had we not at hand to read “The Taking of Da Derga’s Hostel,” “The Cattle Spoil of Cooley,” “The wooing of Emir,” “The Battle of Ros na Righ,” &c. From the age of Eoghan Ruadh, it is certain that there was a time in which our literature fell away, but it never changed its essential features, and it is with us in modern times, richer and more brilliant than ever.

## AN TARA HALT.

## TÓGÁIL BRUIÓNE DÁ VERGA.

Labhráim ari “Tógbáil bhruióne Dá Verga,” agus tuibhriam ari guri b'ionnan a mór foillseachta agus mór foillseachta na n-aonáin do cumaó i nÉirinn tá céad go leit bhláthán ó fom. Ír mian linn anna tuairis éigin do tábairt ari an úirliséal gheannta ro atá cupaita amach le déiseanaisce ’fan *Revue Celtique*, ír aistíseachta i mbéarla le *Witlei Stócer*. Baimeann an t-eacúna ro le húirliséaltaibh Con Culann ír “Táine Bó Cuailgne.” Aict tá ré deigilte ón gcuird eile doir na lsgéaltaibh seo. Atá ré leir fóm fá leit, agus níl neamhao guri ágair aon t-úirliséal é. Fágtaí i “Leabhar na hUisíre” é, leabhar do lsgúisibh ’fan t-aonáin a haois déag, agus i “Leabhar Burióe Lecan,” agus cuio de anna ír annaú i leabhairibh eile. Aict ír veninn guri cumaó an lsgéal i Úfaoi riomh aimpri aon leabhair ír ágairisce tiosb ro.

Triáctann ré ari milleao Conaire Móri mic Eatair-geoil i mbhruióin Dá Verga. Áfro-juí na hÉireann do b'eaó Conaire le n-a linn, ír ní juaib a leitíeo do jis juaib riomh i oTeampair, ír do vísibhí ré comhluigsearí ír eacúnaí ír Léiri-Úfaoi ari aon tír ari fao. Aict o'éigisí-earaí a comh-úaltairí ‘n-a coinniú, ír u'aontuigseanair le hInnleaséal, ó Úireatain, milleao do déanam ari utúir

CHAPTER II.

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## THE DESTRUCTION OF DA DERGA'S HOSTEL.

We spoke above of "The Destruction of Da Derga's Hostel," and we said that its style of description was the same as that to be found in the songs composed in Ireland one hundred and fifty years ago. We purpose here to give some account of this splendid romance, which has just been published in the *Revue Celtique*, with a translation into English, by Whitley Stokes. This story belongs to the romances relating to Cuchulainn and "The Cattle Spoil of Cooley," but it is widely different from the other stories and stands alone. There is no doubt that it is a romance of high antiquity. It is to be found in "The Book of Dun Cow," a book which was written in the eleventh century, also in "The Yellow Book of Lecan," and portions of it here and there throughout other books. But it is certain that the tale was composed long before the date of the oldest of these books.

It describes the destruction of Conaire the Great, son of Etarsceil in the Hostel of Da Derga. Conaire was overking of Erin in his time, and so great a king never reigned before him in Tara; he banished contention and strife and plunder from all the land. But his foster-brothers rose up against him, and they formed an agreement with Insgéal from Britain, that they

i n-Albain. iŋ annraim i nEirinn. 'Nuairi do bheadair ag teacáit go talam na hÉireann, do bí Conaire ag riubal le n-a buriún le hainc Baile Átha Cliath, agus ag téanam ari Úluruín Dá Deargá, i mí Láirgeann. Ailiúisíodh an dá buriún fuaim iŋ fothiom a céile, iŋ aitnísíodh gao meajbaile gúr b'fín i fuaim a náimad. Ba hiongantacé é gábháil iŋ tógbáil Conaire, iŋ ní riaibh ré acht i n-a "giala óg amulchach" nuairi do roinntíseadó 'n-a júid i n-Teamairi é, acht do cuipeadó geograíomha, daingeanadairi, i gcaír nári b'fúrlaistte ór duil ó tóubaist iŋ ó Léiri-milleadó. Iŋ iad ro ná geograí do cuipeadó airi:

"Ní thurochúr neareal Temprach ocúr tuaithebul mBrieg.

"Ní hír' taifníchtheí lat cláenmíle Cejmáil.

"Ocúr ní hír' echtaidh each nomad n-áitchereach Theamairi.

"Ocúr ní hír' faci i tig ar mbi egsna fuiúrri tenead immach iad riuneadh ngríéime ⁊ imbi ecnai dámhais.

"Ocúr ní tiafrai juit tui Deargá do thiúr Dearg.

"Ocúr ní hír' iagbaitheí tibesig iu fíath.

"Ocúr ní tae dám aenmha no enfíri i tech foirt iad riuneadh ngríéime.

"Ocúr ní a huijair aogúra do da moghluo."

Iŋ Léiri go riaibh an t-áis 'n-a comhthíb ó thiúr, agus ag oibreadh riam geograí do Léirgean airi, agus ná riaibh aon duil aige iad do fheadraodh ari fad.

I gcuílra an ríseil do éuairó ré i n-áigairó na ngeograí ro go Léiri, agus ba údorí an ríosgaltar do baineadh ari. Iŋ minic i juit an eacraí do éumhinní ré ari na

should work destruction first in Alba, and thereafter in Erin. When they were approaching the land of Erin, Conaire was travelling with his companions to Dublin and making for the Hostel of Da Derga, King of Leinster. Both parties hear the noise made by the other, and they recognize without misgiving that it was the noise of their enemy. The conception and the bringing up of Conaire were wonderful, and he was only "a young beardless lad" when he was installed as king in Tara. But heavy, fast-binding *geasa* were put upon him, so that it was not easy for him to escape from misfortune and destruction. These are the *geasa* to which he was subjected :

"Thou shalt not go right-handwise round Tara, and left-handwise round Bregia.

"The evil beasts of Cerna must not be hunted by thee.

"And thou shalt not go out every ninth night beyond Tara.

"Thou shalt not sleep in a house from which fire-light is manifest outside after sunset ; and in which (light) is manifest from without.

"And three Reds shall not go before thee to Red'shouse.

"And no rapine shall be wrought in thy reign.

"And after sunset a company of one woman or one man shall not enter the house in which thou art.

"And thou shalt not settle the quarrel of thy two thralls!"

It is plain that Fate was against him from the beginning, seeing that it permitted so many *geasa* to be imposed on him, and that it was out of his power to avoid them all.

In the course of the story he breaks through all these *geasa*, and heavy was the vengeance inflicted on him. Frequently, as the tale progresses, does he call to mind

gearfai'b seo do b'i mari t'liomuisigearct aipi, ifi ari  
 oul 'n-a n-aigaird do ifi minic do cuijreao' i n-umail  
 do le neairt tarlindaireacsta go riaib milleao' ifi  
 tubairt 'n-a comairi. Ifi tliuasigmeileac é r'géal an  
 deasg-júiosg ro, ag déanam maiteara do'n traoisgol mór-  
 dtimcheall, agus le linn gacé maiteara ag bhriseao' tlié  
 n-a gearfai'b ifi an t-áig do ceangailt le r'laibhia iarrainn  
 ná féarofar a bhriseao'. Ni'l r'géal ná eac'thia le fagbáil  
 i leabhrailb ná i mbéal na feancharde com' doilb, com'  
 tliuasigmeileac le fuithe ifi coimsear'gári an cuijaird seo le  
 n-a áig dochma féin, ifi é fá deoiris ag tuitim gan tliuasg  
 gan tairg do. Círdeann ré féin go roiléiri go bhrul ré  
 ag oul ari a aimleas; ifi 'n-a Óriaró r'ín ní fagann ré ann  
 féin bhriseao' a geafra do feacnaó. B'i a t'oil rió-lag,  
 ifi b'i an iomad do gearfai'b mari t'liomuisigearct aipi. Ba  
 óróis leat guri cuijreao'ri na déithe Conaire ari an  
 raoisgol éum ceap magaird do déanam 'oe, "quoties voluit  
 fortuna jocari." Ni riaib a leithead do níos muam riomhe  
 r'ín ari feabas ifi ari comtríomhaist:

"Ifi na f'laith aatait na trí bairri fori Eriu. .i. bairri  
 viaf 7 bairri r'coth 7 bairri mearra. Ifi ina f'laith ari  
 chlombhinn la each f'eri guth ariale ocus betir téata  
 menachjiot ari feabas na cóna, 7 in tliuas 7 in cháin-  
 comhlaic fail fechnon na hEriu."

Aict ifi é tliuasg an r'géal guri b'é an feabas céadna,  
 agus an comtríomhaist neamh-ghnáthas do meall é cum  
 r'liigear a thónair. B'i ré do gearfai'b aipi gan r'iothcán  
 do déanam iorúi beirit vár g'fleacais, aict níor l'éig a

these *geasa* which weighed him down, and as he breaks through them, he is often warned prophetically, that destruction and misfortune are in store for him. Pathetic is the story of this good king, doing good to the world around, and on the occasion of each good deed breaking through his *geasa*, while fate binds him down with a chain of iron, which he cannot break. There is no tale or narrative to be found in books, or from the lips of story-tellers, so sad, so pathetic, as the wrestling and struggling of this hero with his own hapless Destiny, and his falling at last without regret or pity. He himself perceives clearly that he is on the path of misfortune; but at the same time he feels unable to avoid breaking through his *geasa*. His will was too weak, and there were too many *geasa* pressing heavily upon him. One would imagine that the gods sent Conaire on earth, to make of him a laughing-stock “as often as Fate wished to make merry.” There never before was a king to match him in goodness and justice :

“In his reign are the three crowns on Erin—namely, crown of corn ears, and crown of flowers, and crown of oak mast. In his reign, too, each man deems the other’s voice as melodious as the strings of lutes, because of the excellence of the law, and the peace and the good will prevailing throughout Erin.”

But the pathos of the story consists in this, that it is his goodness and his unwonted justice that lure him to the path of his misfortune. He was under *geasa* not to settle the quarrel between his two “thralls,” but his

ðaonnaéct do gán dul iñ piéróteaéct do ðéanamí eatojta.

“Ní өóisg linn guri fíordi a lán do'n ríseal ro do  
fáiliusdáð i lónnraict foillriscte, íf i farióthiúleacáct focal,  
aður íf deallriamáð guri mairi ro do ríslíónbafáð Eogán  
Ruad dá mairfeadó ré i n-ainmri aui uðvoaír. Cúiuprimio  
rior annjo beagán o'fíor-čorac an ríseil —

“Bui μι αμπια αιρεσθα φορι Ελιον, Eohard Feroleach  
α αινη. Τολυτο ρεαχταιρη η-ανη ραρι Αεναχ μθρεζ  
Leith, conaccai in μναι φορι υρι in τοβαιρη 7 ειρι  
μειλ αριστης co η-εροι τε ορι ακθε oc φολκρο αλ- λυινης  
αριστης 7 ceithηρι heom οιρι ρυηρη 7 γλεοριγεμαι beccai τι  
χαρημογουλ ρηοριαται hi φομιλεαργυρης na λυινη. Βριατ  
εαρ ερορια φολοιχαιρ αικθε. Τυαλλοαι αιριγροι  
εροιηριδε [milech] τε ορι οιβινηι ιρην θριατ. Λενε  
λεβηρι ρηυραταχ ιρ i ρηοτυρλεμον τει ρηιτηι οαιμιτε  
φο ρειρην λινο οιρι ιμπι. Τυαρηιλα ινγανται τι ορι 7  
αιριστης φορι α βρινηιοι 7 α φομηναιρ 7 α γυαλιιρ ιρηνο  
λενε τι each leith. Ταιτνεο ρηια in γηιαν ερρεβα  
ρονειρης ρονα φειραιρ ταιρολεαχ ino οιρι ρηιρην ιρηιειν  
αρην τριτηι οαιμιτοι. Τα τηιηιρ η-οιριθιοι φορι α εινο,  
ρηγε ceit bηη ηνουαλ ceachtaiρη ηνε 7 mell φορι ινηνο  
each ηναιλ. Ba cormail leo ηαθη ino φοιλτ ρηι φηι ρηηη  
η-αιλερταιρη hi φαμιατ, no φηι ρειρηρηι ιαρη ηνεναμ α  
ηαθα.

17. son ònu oc taithbiuch a fuilt dia folcúr . . .  
batáir gíltíipi rneachta n-óenairíthe na tí doit 7 batáir  
maethchoiri 7 batáir deipgíltíipi rian plebe na da ghlao  
nglan aillí. batáir tuibhíipi tóimíne daeil na da  
malaich. batáir inaon 7 fírais do nemannáih a veta  
i na ceno. batáir glaríltíipi bugha na tí rhuil.  
batáir deipgíltíipi páitaint na beoil. batáir róinntíosa  
mine maethgela na da gualainn. batáir gelslána  
rithfota na meja. batáir fota na lama . . .

goodness made him go and make peace between them.

It seems to us that a large portion of the story is unsurpassed for brilliancy of description, and wealth of language, and it is probable that it is in this wise Eoghan Ruadh would have written did he live in the author's time. We quote here a little of the very beginning of the story :

“ There was a famous and noble king over Erin, named Eochaid Feidleich. Once upon a time, he came over the fairgreen of Bri Léith, and he saw, at the edge of a well, a woman with a bright comb of silver, adorned with gold, washing in a silver basin, wherein were four golden birds, and little bright gems of purple carbuncle in the rims of the basin. A mantle she had, curly and purple, a beautiful cloak, and in the mantle silvery fringes arranged, and a brooch of fairest gold. Marvellous clasps of gold and silver in the kirtle on her breasts and her shoulders and *spaulds* on every side. The sun kept shining upon her, and the glistening of the gold against the sun, from the green silk, was manifest to men. On her head were two golden yellow tresses, in each of which was a plait of four locks, with a bead at the point of each lock. The hue of that hair seemed to them like the flower of the iris in summer, or like red gold after the burnishing thereof.

“ There she was undoing her hair to wash it . . . . White as the snow of one night were the two hands; soft and even and red as fox-glove were the two clear, beautiful cheeks. Dark as the back of a stagbeetle the two eyebrows. Like a shower of pearls were the teeth in her head. Blue as a hyacinth were the eyes. Red as rowan berries were the lips. Very high, smooth and soft-white the shoulders. Chalk-white and lengthy the fingers. Long were the hands . . . . The bright radiance of the moon was in her noble face; the loftiness of pride in her smooth eyebrows; the light of

Solus iuris iuris iuris in eisce ina raeplaigairi uirthochail uailli ina minnmalgib iurithen, rurisghe ceachtair a da inis iorac. Tibiu amiusra ceachtair a da gmuad co n-amliu ino tibren do ballairb bith chorpircia co ndeirigsi fol a laig 7 ariall eile co folus gili lneacinta. **B**ocmaeirioachó hanamail ina glogi cem foisid n-inmalla acci, tochim iugnairi le. **B**a ri tja ar caemaeim agur ar ailveam agur ar coiram atconnairicavairi guli voinne de mnáib domain. **B**a doisg leo beo a riordairi vi. **B**a frria arbrieth “cruith cach co h-éitain.” “Caem cach co h-éitain.”

Nil rliighe agairi annro tjiáct ari brieáchtáct na bhuiríone; ari a curio geomra aerieacá aoi bhe, ari éval-laict uafal, meanmaé Conaire, ari a Léiri-mairé ijr ari a rpéirleamhlaict, ari a éaoine ijr ari a móriodáct, ari na céadtaib do éint le n-a láim i gcuimhangraict comhigrasairi, ari na cuspaidaiib do gsoin ijr do mill ré da éoraint féin gan bhuig, ari a ág doéma féin, ari tjiuaig a Léiri-éartha, marí éisgeann ijr aitcheann ré deoé ijr gan aoinne 'ran bhuiríon éum a íota no múaib, marí do fadóifid aon deoé amáin é ari lán-éuile a éubairte, ijr gan an deoé rain le fadhbáil, ná fós ari bairdáib ijr milleab ijr do gá ijr Léiri-bhuiréad na horóche rin. **B**a óríg leat guri b'i an Tírde do do gá ijr do leagáib ariú le rliuaigtaib na n-eacátríann :

“Quis cladem illius noctis, quis funera fando  
Explicit, aut quis posset lacrimis aquare labores?”

wooing in each of her regal eyes. A dimple of delight in each of her cheeks, with an amlud (?) in them at one time of purple spots, with redness of a calf's blood, and at another with the bright lustre of snow. Soft womanly dignity in her voice; a step steady and slow she had, a queenly gait was hers. Verily of the world's women, 'twas she was the dearest and loveliest that the eyes of men had ever beheld. It seemed to them (King Eochaid and his followers) she was from the elfmounds. Of her was said—"shapely are all till (compared with) Etain." "Dear are all till (compared with) Etain."

We have not space here to treat of the beauty of the Hostel; of its airy, delightful chambers, of the noble high-spirited party of Conaire, of his beauty, of his loveliness, of his gentleness, of his majesty, of the hundreds who fell by his hand, in the press of conflict, of the heroes he wounded and destroyed while defending himself in vain from his own woeful fate, of the pathos of his bitter thirst, how he cries and clamours for a drink while there is no one in the hostel to quench his thirst, how even one drink would save him from the flood of his misfortune, and how that drink was not to be obtained; nor yet of the crushing, destroying, burning and great wrecking of that night. One might imagine that it was Troy, that once more was burnt and pulled down by hosts of strangers.

"Who can unfold the slaughter of that night or the death, by narration, or who can its troubles equal with tears?"\*

\* The text and translation of the passages quoted in this chapter are taken without any alteration from the *Revue Celtique*, Vol. XXII., Nos. 1 and 2.

## AN TREAS ALT.

UINN-SÉALTA Í BÁINÉAS LE COMH ÉULAINN.

Ír moí a céile Cú Éulainn iní ná feson-rgéaltaibh  
Sædealaċċa ip̄ Aċċil i mbeajit ájuté u'eac̄tjaġiċiib  
Sjéirgeaċċa. Maixieann Cú Éulainn i n-a lán do feson-  
rgéaltaibh Sædealaċċa 'n-a cipiaċ oħraġeajie, ip̄ 'n-a laoċ  
ċaċ-ħuaxaċċ; aguż i n-a lán eile vioċi ip̄ é pjiom-  
míleaċ ná n-éaċt ari a ḥaġġiċtaji é. 'N-a ċaobh jaġi ní  
vix ná veamain Cú Éulainn aċċt vunne waonna, bissiż  
vtagħġani aċċaġġiż-żabu iongantac ari o uaiji żo huaiji le  
neajt éaċtaċ eīġi in djalorid-ċeċta. Ír fiaċċain, feajjigħaċ,  
fioċċain i gċaċċaib 'r i għomil lann é, aċċt ní żan tajse,  
żan tjuuġiż-żon a ċjixx. Ír é cipiaċ Cúigjiet il-ħlaġ é,  
aguż żgħolijiet Ħamra Maċċa, ip̄ cù corra ta Cú Éulainn. Ní  
ċu ġejru laoċja ná cipu ippiż-żabu v-daoineaċ eaqbla ná  
uamain ari, aguż ip̄ tħomx é b'ejm a cunno aijji ip̄ tħi-  
ja minn a l-äme i l-äri comxegħ-żgħi.

Cioù náji ba-veamain é férin, Léiġmiv —

“Sujja żgħixxetaji imme boccána is-ocar hanan is-ocar  
żenit i għinu is-ocar vemina a eċċi. Taix is-va bejjt iż-  
Ueċ-ċaġħidha n-ġaġju is-żon iż-żgħixx  
is-ocar a eċċa oċar a ujiex oċar a ujiex minn iċ-ċath  
is-ocar m-ċaċ-ċathliji in-ċaċ comkun is-ocar m-ċaċ comiex  
i tħejġi.”

Ní aonċu iż-żgħid i n-aww-ċċi l-ixx ná huġ-ħaġraib  
u tħażżejt nacex waonna an cipiaċ żo. Nis' i għom Cú Éulainn.  
A vejjipro, 'nuaixi a b'iom fuq is-żgħixx  
is-ocar ip̄ cipu ari, ip̄ 'nuaixi a

## CHAPTER III.

## ROMANCES RELATING TO CUCHULAINN.

Cuchulainn, in the old Irish stories, is like Achilles in a certain body of Greek tales. Cuchulainn lives in some of the old Irish stories as a noble hero, a victorious champion, and in others he is the main heroic figure in the feats described in them. Still Cuchulainn is neither a god nor a demon, but a human being, although a strange transformation takes place in his person from time to time, by some wondrous magic power. He is wild, wrathful, vehement in strife and conflict, yet he is not without softness and pity. He is the champion of the province of Ulster, the glory of Emhain Macha, the guardian hound of Culann. Nor heroes nor assemblies of the populace put him in fear or trembling, and weighty is the stroke of his weapon and the onset of his hand in the thick of the fight.

Though he himself was not a demon, we read that, "There shouted around him Bocanachs and Bananachs, and Geniti Glindi, and demons of the air. For the Tuatha Dé Danann were used to set up their shouts around him, so that the hatred and the fear and the abhorrence and the great terror of him should be the greater in every battle-field, in every combat, and in every fight into which he went."

We do not agree by any means with those authors

éuirieann riú a phéacáint na haochrá cùm báir, acht an ghlúan bhréasg, lonnriac, laramail, ag curi a teaf i gceim, agus 'nuairi a thagann an t-aithriúisgach éacatac ari le neairt a "muartairi" níl ann acht an ghlúan céadra fa òubh-rgamallai, ifr fa úl-ðoriúisgach ceoig. Ifr labhairt na húisgoairi seo ari bhréacach an lae tré nealtaib na rpéipe, marí cormálaacht do Chon Culainn. Acht ifr doris línn-ne ná fuil aon gábaid do fámluiríseacht na ghléime ná do òubh-rgamallai neimhe agairn cùm éacata Chon Culainn, marí a bfoilllriúisgach tóinn iad 'rna húisgoisgéaltaib, do chuirínt. Níl i n-eacáit Chon Culainn acht rsgéal móri-éupairi do chornair a chúigeadh ó amairib na bfeairi néiseannaí ór na ceitíre cúigíríb eile, ifr go phairb a éacata dá n-aistír ag báisoidib uile na tíre. Ní ceairt ghlúan ná ceo ná rgamall do thabhairt ipteac gán fáit, agus níl i n-úl-rgiséaltaib a bamear le n-ari gcuimhneach fáit ná áothair fámluiríseachta dá fágair. Ní headó ná gúri junneach ghníomháitá leis ná tig le duine daonna do théanamh gán cabairi ó théitib, nó ó théamhainib, acht ní théanann rámh ghlúan ná dia òe. Bí aicil daonna go leor—ari thaoibh a acht ari ari aon triligrí—acht cuiréann pallair lonnriac glóimhári 'n-a tímcheall, i utrieo go gcuimhneachta le heagla dá amairic, agus neartúisgéann rí a gút, i utrieo go utagann anfaid ari buirón ná Tríae, ifr go utuitéann a gcuird aijim ari a lámairib le phuaim a linnipe.

If ríorí éacatac maechníomháitá Chon Culainn, acht ní théanann rámh dia ná ghlúan ná tarbhre òe. Ní phairb ann acht leanbhán 'nuairi éuiri ré iongnaid ari ionmáinairiúib óga

who assert that this champion was not human. Cuchulainn, they say, when in a rage and fury, and when even his very look puts heroes to death, is nothing else than the fair, brilliant, blazing sun, sending its heat afar; and when a strange transformation sets in on him, on account of his "distortion," it is only the same sun underneath black clouds, and in an eclipse of mist. These authors speak, too, of the day dawning through the clouds of the air, as represented by Cuchulainn. But it seems to us that we have no need of similitudes of the sun or of the dark-clouds of heaven, to understand the exploits of Cuchulainn, as they are revealed to us in the romances. The story of Cuchulainn is that of a great hero, who defended his own province from the attacks of the men of Erin of the four other provinces, and whose feats were rehearsed by the bards of the country. It is not just to introduce sun, or clouds, or mist, without cause, and there is neither cause nor reason for similitudes of the kind, to be found in the romances that pertain to our hero. Not that he has not performed feats which surpass a human being's power, without help from gods or demons, but he is not, therefore, a god or a demon. Achilles was fully human—on his father's side at least—but Pallas sheds bright effulgences around him, so that hosts tremble through fear on beholding him, and she strengthens his voice so that terror seizes on the Trojan band, and their arms drop from their hands at the sound of his shouting.

The boyish exploits of Cuchulainn are truly marvel-

cúirtíte an ríos. Do thíos céad go leitír thíos iarríadach ari é do maribhach, acht níor é féin i leo fíu é do shorlach. Shuaireann ré 'n-a ndíairí, agus tuiteann caoighe thíos le n-a lán, agus ríomhcaidh an éint eile ó. Ní raibh ré an tráth riam acht cíng bhláthna tháor. Do júnne ré éadachta níor iongantaisge ó bhlátham go bhlátham, agus do jút a chail ari fuairt na dúnach ari fao. Tá cunnitair ari an gcuimhne ro i n-a lán 'n-ri-rgéaltach, acht is iad ro na rgéalta a baineas leis, ari is feárrí a bfhil aithe. "Tóigál bhuiríone Dá Deirgá," "Táin bó Cuailnge," "Céat Rúip na Rí," "Seirbhise Conculainn," "Fleu bhuireann," "Toéamairc Eamair." Níl aon rgéal thíos ro éomh bheag, éomh bhríoshamh le "Táin bó Cuailnge." Úill-rgéal cíarachadach is ea ó an "Táin" go bfhil nótach aon litriúiseachta nó teangean 'fan doimh ann, úill-rgéal lán 'n-eacáitíaróibh aoiúinne, agus n'éadachtaibh i n-a bfoillriúigtheair cíosadhach is meanmáthóir-éamh. Ciothu guri rgéal páigánaí é, níl mí-éneartachet na mí-nátrúr ari éacáit ná ari gníomh de. Anndro is anndruin táit ríamh a foillriúigthe le fagbáil ann éomháilainn, éomh lónnriach is gaothfaróe i litriúiseachta na Rómá. Tá an éamh bhorb, rathóibh, is na bhuataisí bhríoshamh. Léirí-milír, is ní fubáil do'n léigtheoiri fiumh do éisí i n-éadachtaibh is i ngníomhajtach an rgéil ro. Agus do mór-mór i gceoilrúacht is i meanmáth, is i mór-éimhíordachet Con Cuailainn.

Tá Cúigearach illath ag fuinneog i gcomháibh na gceánseachtaile, agus is é Cú Cuailainn fál eoranta Cúigír illath; is é gcleacaróe a tháinmeadh i n-úct an baoisait; is

lous; but he is not, therefore, a god, or the sun, or a phantom. He was only an infant when he astonished the young hurlers of the king's court. One hundred and fifty of them attempted to put him to death; but they did not succeed even in wounding him. He pursues them, and fifty of them fall by his hand, and the others submit to him. At that time he was only five years of age. He performed still more wonderful feats from year to year, and his fame spread over the whole country. There is an account of this hero in several romances; but the romances pertaining to him, that are best known, are "The Destruction of Da Derga's Hostel," "The Cattle Spoil of Cooley," "The Battle of Ros na Righ," "The Sick Bed of Cuchulainn," "The Feast of Bricru," "The Wooing of Emir." There is none of these tales so beautiful, so forceful as "The Cattle Spoil of Cooley." "The Cattle Spoil" is an Epic worthy of any literature in the world, a romance full of delightful episodes, and of feats in which the valour and high spirit of great heroes is depicted. Though it is a pagan tale, there is neither coarseness, nor unnaturalness in feat or event recorded in it. Here and there, it contains descriptive passages as beautiful, as brilliant, as are to be found in the literature of Rome. The style is luscious and rich, the words forceful and melodious, and the reader is constrained to take an interest in the feats and events of this story, and above all, in the valour, the high spirit and the large-heartedness of Cuchulainn.

Ulster is struggling against the other provinces, and Cuchulainn is the wall of defence of the Province of Ulster; he is his people's champion in the breast of danger, he

é a lonnaíodh folair i nuaipícheacht pléiße, iñ a gcomairce dín, iñ a gceann baileair i n-aigaird a náimad. Iñ geall le haontuigheachd muinntíre na hEorpa uile i gcoinnibh Napóleon aontuigheachd na gceitíre gcuimseachd i n-aigaird Chon Culainn, acht guri mó oibhriúseann an Cú Shliordhe rín le neapit a colna féin ná mairi ceann uilliaridh ari gluaiigteibh. Cuirteann comhriac aonfíri átar ari a chioróde. Sáruigheann móri-éamhlaodh 'ran ló é; acht an fáid a bionn ré ag pléirí leir an gcuimhlaodh rai, tá neapit ag gluas ná bheairi n-éamhieannaí gluaipeacht riompa comh rada agus iñ féidiril leo. Acht ní ríán ná foláin laoche ná cuimhlaodh 'n-a tháinig. Iñ fíorí go deimhín ná cuimhieann ré Feairisúr cumháil, acht ní'l fonn ari Feairisúr buan-comhriac do éamh airi. Iñ iomhá caidh iñ comhmeasgarðair ari a tháinigteann an "Táin," acht ní'l é acht 'ran ríseal iñ feáilí éamhiear i n-umhaileadh díinn nóra cneasta ari n-aistriúeac, a nuaigheára, iñ a nuaonnaícth ná comhriac aonfíri Chon Culainn iñ Feirfeis ag an áit.

Comh-óaltairde do b'eaodh na cuimhiearthe seo do hoileadh le Sgáthairg iñ Aoife, acht go ríai'bh an Cú i bphao níor óige ná Feirfeis, agus anoir, ciond go bfuil cioróde na beirte ari léiri-láraodh le lán-feirfis i n-aigaird an comhmeasgarðair, ní thácaidh báidh a gcomh-óaltairde ari i bfuairte aca, agus iñ geall le bhráitheibh grianáodha iad ag teagmáil le n-a céile ari marún lae an comhriac, iñ ag ríadarlaodh le céile i gcomhairi na hóiróde, go bhrúintse, leomh, tair éis fáilte iñ anriúis an comhmeasgarðair. Ní d'óig guri ríliúoibh rírái ná úili-ríseal ríamh

is their radiant light in the darkness of the mountain, he is their shield of defence and threatening staff in the face of their enemy. The league of the four provinces against Cuchulainn, is like the league of the people of Europe against Napoleon, only that that great Hound works more with the strength of his own body, than as the chief of hosts. A single combat delights his heart. One great hero a day satisfies him; and while he is engaged in fighting this hero, the hosts of the men of Erin proceed in their forward march as far as they may. But, nor hero nor champion does he leave whole or sound. It is true indeed that he does not slay Fergus, but Fergus has no desire to prolong the quarrel with him. The “Cattle Spoil” describes many a battle and conflict, but there is no exploit in the story that so clearly reveals to us the gentle spirit of our ancestors, their polished manners, and their humanity, as the single combat between Cuchulainn and Ferdiad at the Ford.

These heroes were foster-brothers who were educated under Scathach and Aoife, but the Hound was far younger than Ferdiad, and, now, though the hearts of both are burning for the combat, the affection cherished in their fosterage did not grow cold within them, and they are like loving brothers as they meet on the morning of the day of battle, and as they separate for the night, bruised and wounded from the pressure and turmoil of the combat. We think that there was never written a history or romance in which great heroes behave with such

1 n-a n-iomáiriad móri-éigíaróde iad féin leis an oípeas  
cneartachtá i f móri-éigíoródeacá. Ír deimín ná fuil i  
litriúiseacá ná Róam ná ná Siúleáig círíad éomhúaral,  
éomhú meanmáic, éomhú deaigh-áigéantac le Coin Cúlann.  
'Nuairí a cheasadh i gcaidreamh le céile ari bhrúasach an Átha,  
cuidíeann Feiridíad fáilte rioph-éadoin riomh an Coin.  
"Mo éen do chúctu, a Cuculainn," ari ré, agus tairí éir  
móri-éoda agallairí, lúisíod ari cónmharas, agus um ériáth-  
nóna, tairí éir tuairíre i f anfáid an cónmhaic, "Scuileam de  
fóndain bádairta a Cuculainn," ari Feiridíad. Do ghuar-  
adairí ó céile, agus ag ro mairi ériáthnáin an "Táin" ari  
éadoiné i f ari cneartacht a mhuinntearáid:—

"Bhácheimíorét a n-áiríim uathu illámaib a n-áiríad.  
Táimic cárthach tib d'indraigíod ariale aifí aithle ocaí  
riabhairt cárthach tib lám dairí bhráigí ariale, ocaí ria tairbíri  
teóra póc. Ra hártaí a n-eic in oen rícuí in n-áidí  
rín, ocaí a n-áiríad is oen temí; ocaí bo gníreataí a  
n-áiríad corráirí lepára úr líuáclíu doibh, go fhuithiúairtai  
peili ngeonaí fírin. Tancataí riallacá isce ocaí legír  
da n-icc ocaí da leigheas, ocaí focheimíorétai lúi ocaí  
lóirí isce ocaí plánfír ria cneadair ocaí crieátaib, ria  
n-áltaib ocaí ria n-ílgeonaib. Cárthach tib ocaí cárthach  
isce ocaí plánfír ria beithéa ria cneadair ocaí crieátaib  
áltaib agus ilgeonaib Conculainn, ria ionaictéa com-  
páinnt uad tib dairí át riapí d'fhiúiríad, na rabbairtis  
riapí híreann da tuited Feiridíad leigheas, ba himmairí-  
íad legír da beiríad fáilí."

An dairí lá agus an tmeasair lá do'n cónmeasairgsearí iomá-  
íairíad na círíadóde iad féin ari an gcumadó gceádú, aéit  
gurí chuaí Cú Cúlann milleadó a namad an ceatíriamad  
lá do'n cónmeasairgsearí, agus ria bhríd linn gurí ghuairadairí

gentleness and magnanimity. It is certain that there is not in the literatures of Rome or Greece, a champion so noble, so high-spirited, so fair-minded as Cuchulainn. When they meet at the verge of the ford, Ferdiad bids fair welcome to Cuchulainn. "Welcome is thy coming, O Cuchulainn," he exclaims; and after a long dialogue they fall to fighting, and in the evening, after the fatigue and turmoil of the conflict, "let us desist from this now, O Cuchulainn," says Ferdiad. They separated, and it is thus "The Cattle Spoil" describes the gentleness and mildness of their friendship :—

"They threw away their arms from them into the hands of their charioteers. Each of them approached the other forthwith, and each put his hands around the other's neck and gave him three kisses. Their horses were in the same paddock that night, and their charioteers at the same fire; and their charioteers spread beds of green rushes for them with wounded men's pillows to them. The professors of healing and curing came to heal and cure them, and they applied herbs and plants of healing and curing to their stabs and their cuts and their gashes and to all their wounds. Of every herb, and of every healing and curing plant that was put to the stabs and cuts and gashes, and to all the wounds of Cuchulainn, he would send an equal portion from him westward over the ford to Ferdiad, so that the men of Erin might not be able to say, should Ferdiad fall by him, that it was by better means of cure that he was enabled to (kill him.)"

The champions behave in the same manner on the second and third day of the combat, except that Cuchulainn had foreboding that the destruction of his enemy would take place on the fourth day, and there-

ó céile lán do bhuairíopt iŋ do bhrisgád-cloisrde an t-plear oróče. An ceatrlamád lá tagann neairt neamh-égnátaí ac i gCionn Cúlann, agus a t-áilíseann a “maistriar” é go lán-iongantaíc go —

“Ror lín atc ocář impítri, marí anáil illéř, co ndejna thuaig n-uacámpí, n-acbéis, n-ilvadáig, n-ingantáig ve; go mba metitípi ja Fomóri, na pír fíri marí, in milio móři éalma, ór chino Fírdead i sejít ariodí.” Agus annraian tóirnisiéann a gcomípac i gceairt. “Ba ré olúř n-imairic da pionrataři, go ja comíacretáři a cíno aři n-uacámpí, ocář a corrá aři n-íctáři, ocář allama aři n-ípmecón daři bílib ocář cobrádaib na píciat. Ba ré olúř n-imairic da pionrataři, go jo oluigret ocář go jo olomízret a píciit ó a mbílib go a mbíronti. Ba ré olúř n-imairic da pionrataři, go jo fillíre tari, ocář go jo lúprataři, ocář go jo gúaraisretáři a pílega, ó a piennai go a n-ejllannai, 7c.”

An lá pain, do píeiri éuairi na Cion, do gúineadó Fírdead tarí fóir, agus —

“Rabejít Cuculaind píoi da píagid oři a aítle ocář ja iad a da láim thápliř, ocář tuarigdaib leíři cona ařim ocář cona eřípiusd ocář cona etgud daři áth píatuaid é.”

Ir geall le bean éaonte an cupadá buadáac ún ag caoi an laoic do leag ré, i piannaiř aoišne, iř i milíř-þrór.

I ndeiríead na “Tána” tá třáct aři comípac iongantaíc ioríi óá třajib — třajib geal-áðapicaíc ó Connacátaib, iř třajib donn a hultaiib — gupr deacairi a píárisgád aři zhéire iř aři píori-ðéime. Ačt níl pílise agairn anuropí cum cunntar do třabairt aři an gcomípac pain.

Foillrižtearí cneastačt iř maiře Cion Culann dúinn

fore they separated from one another full of sorrow and heart-felt regret on the third night. On the fourth day Cuchulainn assumes unwonted strength and becomes transformed after a very strange fashion by his “distortion,” so that

“ He was filled with swelling and great fulness, like breath in a bladder, until he became a terrible, fearful, many-coloured, wonderful Tuaig (giant), and he became as big as a Femor or man of the sea, the great and valiant champion in perfect height over Ferdiad.” “And then commenced their fight in earnest. So close was the fight they made now, that their heads met above and their feet below, and their arms in the middle, over the rims and bosses of their shields. So close was the fight they made that they cleft and loosened their shields from their rims to their centres. So close was the fight which they made that they turned and bent and shivered their spears from their points to their hafts.”

On that day, in accordance with the Hound’s foreboding, Ferdiad was wounded beyond relief, and—

“ Cuchulainn ran towards him after that, and clasped his two arms about him, and lifted him with his arms and his armour and his clothes across the ford, northwards.”

That victorious champion is like a lamenting woman, bewailing the hero he laid low, in beautiful stanzes of verse, and in delicious prose.

Towards the end of the “Cattle Spoil” there is an account of a strange conflict between two bulls—a white-horned bull from Connaught, and a brown bull from Ulster—a conflict it would be difficult to surpass in fierceness and sheer intensity; but we have not space here to give an account of that conflict.

Cuchulainn’s mildness of disposition, as well as his

fóir, i gCéal eile ná nGairimtear “Tochtairic Eamhí,” agus fágáin tuairiúil a eagnaícta, “Seilidhí Conculainn.” Do thuit an cuilidh fá Óeois, i gCath Mairgse Mhuiríteime.

Cio ó gúr mór an meáin atá ari Conchubair, ari Féaránas, i fí ari Féiniota, i fí ari a lán laoche eile ari a dtíráctair ná húili-rgéalta ro, ní cuirta i gcomórlat aoinne óróibh le Coin Cúlainn. Níl cuilidh ná tár éine i fí ná meanmáin i gTáiríteibh ná i n-úili-rgéaltaibh na hÉireann. Tairbeáinann ré 'n-a ghníomháitai i fí 'n-a éacataibh féin crioíðácht i fí meanma, cneártácht i fí caoimheácht ari fionraíri fíl ari lafar fórlas na Cillíofurðeácta 'fan tí.

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## an ceatramhád hál.

### na ssgéalta fionnuisgeácta.

I fí geall le mairi a céile Cú Cúlainn in i ná fionn-rgéaltaibh Gaeóealaí a agus fionn Mac Cumhaill i móri-bolg do rgéaltaibh níor déiríseanais. Mór-cuiliadó do b'eadh fionn, ag a mairi b' fíor iongantáct, agus nári gseil-leasair complaict meairi, lútmairi, acfhuinneac, ari a nGairimtróe an fíann, nó fíanna Éireann. Mac u' fionn do

beauty, are described for us, also, in another romance called “The Wooing of Emir,” and we get an account of his wisdom in the “Sick Bed of Cuchulainn.” The hero at length fell in the battle of the Plain of Muirteimne.

Although Conchubhar and Fergus and Ferdiad, and many other heroes of whom these romances treat are held in high esteem, none of them is comparable to Cuchulainn. There is no other champion so brave, so high-spirited in the history or romance of Ireland. In his own deeds and exploits he reveals to us the valour, the high spirit, the gentle disposition, the mildness of our ancestors before the light of Christianity illuminated the land.\*

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## CHAPTER. IV.

### THE FENIAN TALES.

Cuchulainn holds nearly the same position, as regards the old Irish stories, that Fiann Mac Cumhaill does in respect to a large body of later tales. Fiann was a great hero who was possessed of wonderful power of divination, and whom a strong, active, vigorous company, who were called the Fiann, or Fenians of Ireland, obeyed. Oisin was the son of Fiann, and the primal

\* The text and translation of the passages quoted in this chapter are taken from O’Curry’s “Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish,” Vol. III. Appendix.

b'eadh Oifín, príomh-fhile na hÉireann, agus mac do-fhain  
aúis do b'eadh Oifí, nári b'fhéidíri do fáisnéasach i dtíreáine  
ír i gceoíochacht. Bionn Óláraíocht Ua Duibhne ír Caoilte  
Mac Rónáin go coitcianann 'n-a bfoícaíri riú. B'eaċtaċ  
an faoġal do ċaiteadapri Fianna Éireann aż ħisuġ-jean,  
aż luu, aż realg, aż cluicċeas na għċairiċċiaħ ír na bfool-  
ċon. Ní jaib coill, ná għleann, ná għliab i n-Éireann i  
vtaoħ amsuġ do Ċuġebat Ula oħra náji ċuġebapri cuajjist ann.  
Ba minnix go cor-éadtrhom iao aż luu ari jiġi-ħontar  
Čille Dajja, ír nioji b'annam a jidneadapri mōjji-jealġ ari  
żorrini-ħisuaċċaib Loċa Léim.

Cioò ná jaib tħixx tħaliex do b'fēle ná Fionn fém—

“Óá maċ óji in vuille donn,  
Cuijuor tui in caill,  
Óá maċ ariġget in gealtonn,  
Ro tħollaicfeo Fionn”—

ní jaib ré għan feajġis ír éad ír ḥorċ-awgħnejha. Iż-żonix  
a bionn na Fianna i n-ariad leir i vtaoħ a ḥorċ-awgħniż  
i għoġġi kien. Fi Oifí fém, ní maiteann ré  
focal do ċeann na bħiann.

Amail a vubbiż-żamarr aż-żgħiex tħaliex apri Ċoġi Ċulainn, b'eaċtaċ  
iau mac-ġnissiż-żgħiex. Finn, agur ír beaqx áit i n-Éireann ná  
fuil jman ēiġi i n-riar a l-imbie. Iż-żon-żgħiex, apri a  
n-żgħix-żgħiex “Swiġe Finn,” agur ír-żon-żgħiex aġħidu  
għal-ġuġi mōjji cloiċe agur jman a m'hux ari; agur fóf,  
nill baile i n-Éireann ná fuil a aix-xu agur aix-xu a kom-  
plakċa go beaċċt, emm i mbéal na n-riaromeas ann,

poet of Ireland. And Oisin had a son, Osgar, who was unsurpassed in strength and valour. Diarmaid O Duibhne and Caoilte Mac Ronain are constantly with these. Strange was the life led by the Fianna of Ireland, they fought, they raced, they hunted, they pursued the stag and the wolf. There was no wood or glen or mountain in Erin outside of Ulster, which they did not visit. Often did they run with light steps on the level plains of Kildare, and often did they hunt vigorously on the green margin of Lough Lein.

Though no prince surpassed Fiann in generosity—  
 “Were but the brown leaf which the willow sheds from  
 it gold,  
 Were but the white billow silver, Finn would have  
 given it all away”—

he was not, nevertheless, without rage and jealousy and evil disposition. Often are the Fianna in contention with him on account of his ill-will towards Diarmaid. Even Osgar himself speaks out his mind to the chief of the Fianna.

As we observed of Cuchulainn, the youthful exploits of Finn were wonderful, and there are but few places in Erin in which there is not some trace of his hands. Many a mountain is called “Suidhe Finn,” and many is the height in which there is a huge stone “galán” having the print of his fingers on it; and, moreover, there is not a village in Erin in which his name and that of his company are not heard precisely and accurately

bíos ó nári ailtiúiseasó mar 'n-a meafás ainnm Órlaíain na  
Boruimhe ná Daoða Uí Néill.

Bíos ó rsgéalta ari Fionn ír ari Fiannaibh Éireann dá  
n-aitear iur na tigéibh tuata ari fuaidh na duitche tamall  
ó fom, agus ní rof doibh fór. Idir na rsgéaltaibh Fionn-  
uigéacta ari ír feárrí a bfuil aitne, áiltiúiseaip iad ro,  
"Oídeas Connlaic," "Cáit Fionn Tráig," "Eacraí  
Lomnochtáin an tSléibhe Rífe," "Cuirte maoil Uí Man-  
anáin go dtí Fianna Éireann," "Tóruigéact an Siolla  
Deacairí agus a Chapaill," "Boruigéan Ceirte Cúlann,"  
"Tóruigéact Óláimháda agus Siúlánne," "Agallamh na  
Seanóraí," 7c.

Ír fíorí go bfuil deirbhír móri idir rsgéaltaibh marí iad  
ro agus na húirí-rsgéaltaibh baineas le Conn Cúlann. Ír  
aoisíne an caint, ír brieáchtá an moibh foillriúig, ír lonn-  
gairge an daethmalaict, agus ír uairle, tilge iad na  
cúrlaiðe i n-úirí-rsgéaltaibh Conn Cúlann. Tá na rsgéalta  
Fionnuigéacta—nó curio marí óíob—lán do bhuasó-foc-  
láibh, curtaí a ndíaró a céile le hagairó a bfuaimé, ír  
gáin rúim i n-a mbriúis, agus do éuairó a gcurio cainte i  
n-olcas i lúc na mbiaodan, i dtíreó go bfuigéreá deic  
bhfocal i ndíaró a céile d'aon bhríus aonáin i gcurio aca.

Ír d'óigíshupi b'ámlairó do tógraó gairiaidh d'fearraibh cíosdá,  
ari ari ghlaoðaó Fianna Éireann, cum áitri-briúis na hÉireann  
do cónamh, iomáin ailtiúipí Uaomh Óláomhaig. Bí taisteach  
an gairiaidh fín ari fuaidh na hÉireann ari fad aict aonáin  
i gCúlann Uíláu. Ír iongantacá marí do tóig na rsgéal-  
uróige Cúlann Uíláu. Ír iongantacá marí do tóig na rsgéal-

from the lips of the people, even where the names of Brian Boruimhe and of Hugh O'Neill are never heard.

Tales of Fionn and of the Fianna of Erin used to be recited in the houses throughout the country some time since, and they are not yet extinct. Amongst the Fenian tales which are best known, the following may be mentioned, "The Fate of Conlaoch," "The Battle of Ventry," "The Adventures of Lomnochtan of Sliabh Rife," "The Invitation of Maol O Mananain to the Fianna of Erin," "The Pursuit of the Giolla Deacair and of his Horse," "The Battle of Ceis Corainn," "The Pursuit of Diarmaid and Grainne," "The Colloquy with the Ancients," &c.

There is, no doubt, a great difference between tales like these and the romances that relate to Cuchulainn. In the romances of Cuchulainn the style is more pleasing, the descriptions are more beautiful, the colouring is more brilliant, and the heroes are nobler and more amiable. The Fenian tales—or a considerable portion of them—are full of adjectives placed after each other with a view to their sound, without regard to their meaning, and their style grew worse as years rolled on, insomuch that you may find in some of them ten tautologous words one after another.

It would seem that previous to the time of St. Patrick there was raised a body of brave men for the defence of the over-king of Ireland, who were called the Fianna of Ireland. This body frequented every part of Ireland except the Province of Ulster. It is strange how

do étagadair iarrhaítear aip iad o' aontusúasach le peanachar na hEachlair. Páigánaidh do b'eadh na Fianna, aict níos b'aois díosbáil a n-éacúta is a ngíomháritá d'aitílir do luict an fíri-éireachta, agus rá bhíodh rín ceapann an tseálaíre Saeóealaicis suí fír Oifín is Caoilte 'n-a mbealtaró i bhfad tápi éis Cata Comairí agus Cata Shábhia agus Cata Ollaplaibh agus millte is bárgta na bFiann i gcoitcianann. Oíran 'n-a bfocháin áthbári beag do'n Shnáit-Fiann. Do fágair Oifín is Caoilte le céile, agus i gcuimhne a riubhlóide do bhuail Caoilte um Naoimh Páigánaidh. B'éacútaí an coinne do b'í eatorthá. Bí ionsgnáidh aip Páigánaidh is aip a tuismitheoir aip feicfint méid is tliéine is calmaítear na gcuimhne úd. B'é an fean-faoighal agus an faoighal nuaó i nuaíl a céile, agus b'í an dailéanachta, éanún, éanaphraí i. Bí fonn aip Páigánaidh éacúta na bFiann do clóirínt, aict tápi éis tamall tá aimpíar aige suí docháin rá óthair acht é, agus taimis rá aingil fóirí-éireachta Páigánaidh éum an aimpíar rain do bain de, agus duibhleadar leis físeala na gcuimhne do éupi fíor “i támloraidh fileodh, ocus i mbliantair ollamhán, óiliú bhoi gairdínusúasach do díonsgaibh ocus do deis dainibh deilimh aimpíre eisfeacht físealaibh rín.”

Tápi éis an ujláthra rai n riubhláir páorlaig agus  
Caoilte timcheall na hÉireann, agus níl piáit ná cnoc  
ná tulaç nac mói ná fuil eaċċera ari o ńéal Čaoilte.  
Tápi éis a ntuaġiż téitώ go Teamáiri mapi a bfuil Oiřin

Christian story-tellers exploited the adventures of the Fianna, and how they endeavoured to harmonize them with the history of the Church. The Fianna were Pagans, but there was no harm in reciting their deeds and exploits for the true believers, and for this reason, the Irish story-teller invents the fable that Oisin and Caoilte lived on long after the battle of Comar, and the battle of Gabhra, and the battle of Ollarba, and after the ruin and destruction of the Fianna in general. With them there remained a small number of the rank and file of the Fianna. Oisin and Caoilte separated from one another, and in the course of their wanderings Caoilte met St. Patrick. Wonderful was the meeting that took place between them. St. Patrick and his company wondered at beholding the stature, the strength and the bravery of these champions. It was the meeting of the old order of things and of the new, but mild, and gentle, and friendly was the meeting. Patrick was anxious to hear the exploits of the Fianna, but after some time he suspects that his piety would suffer from the recital, and his two guardian angels came to take away that suspicion, and they told him to set down the stories of the heroes in “the tabular staffs of poets and in words of ollamhs since to the companies and nobles of later time to give ear to the stories will be for a passtime.”

After this discourse, Patrick and Caoilte travel around Ireland, and there is scarce a rath or hill or mound about which we have not got a story from the lips of

iompra, iŋt mair a b̄fuit fleasó Teamp̄aċ aŋt riubal, agur ait̄l̄urio Caoilte iŋt Oiřin o'feariai'b̄ ēireann gn̄iomarċa na b̄fiann, agur beijit̄o firi ēireann leo na r̄għalta r̄am, iari r̄għarċaō ȸo, ȳo cūiġ aijit̄o b̄ na hēireann. O f̄om amac n̄iop ċeir r̄għal Fionnuiġżeaċta aŋt r̄għalurde jidu, iŋt n̄i jaib baile i n̄eħjuu n̄ari ait̄l̄ureaō ann ari inniř na cujalde aŋt an lātaji r̄in. Ȉiř v̄o iġi linn f̄eim fuji b'ē beannaċt p̄adriais aŋt r̄għaltaib̄ Caoilte iŋt Oiřin vo ċuġ an ojjead r̄am f̄ogħarċa ojta aŋt fuad na t̄ipie; aŋt r̄in amac n̄iop ȳabbaō v̄o na Cipriortu r̄i b̄eġla beit̄ ojta i n̄taob na r̄għal ro na b̄raġanaċ v̄a it̄ju.

‘San uji-r̄għal aŋt a n̄għajnejte ari “Agħallam na r̄eant-ōriċaċ,” ari ari ċuġam ari cūnnta r̄i, iŋt iomħda r̄għal għiġi, iŋt iomħda foill-ixiż-żaq aoiħi, iŋt iomħda r̄eant-ċuġħnejne ari ċaċċataib̄ na b̄fiann, agur ari n̄oħraib̄ na r̄eant-awmrija atá le f̄aġħbāil; agur iŋt b̄ieāż, milix, aoiħi an ċaint atá ann f̄o. Ba ȸo iġi leat ȳo jaib meaħba jip̄i iŋt cuġħnejne aq-zaċċ għleann f̄lejhe, iŋt teanġa aq-zaċċ għiostā, agur f̄o eolap i għejjor-ż-żebiż-zaċċ għiġi r̄eant-jiġi, iŋt ȳo għċenji r̄i aq-żu u r̄eant-ċaip i n-umail vo Caoilte, iŋt ȳo n-awjx-ż-żeġ ann eifsean ȳo teanġain daonna ē, i n̄tnej ȳo teu iż-żeġ p̄adriais ē.

Tá r̄għal Fionnuiġżeaċta eile ari a b̄fuit l-leyi-aitħne aq-za lán; r̄in ē “Tόμιοι-ż-żeġa ċet̄ Θίαρματα agur Ȣriainne,” i n-a b̄poill-ixiż-żeże ari v̄i inni ēad, iŋt fealid, iŋt cipu aħ-ċejjor-ż-żeġa ċiż-żiex. Cioo ȳo fuji m̄oġi-ċuġħia b̄ Fionn, n̄i jaib Ȣriainne jārxta le ē beit̄ aici mair c̄eile, agur vo ċo iġi r̄i Θίαρματο Ήλα Τυνίση i n-a ionar. Taq̄i ēiř a lán vo ȝeajr-ċaċċu iż-żi, tħalli Ȣiajma r̄i Ȣiajma aq-zaġġbāil bájra ari Ȣiġi

Caoilte. After their travels they go to Tara, where Oisin is before them, and the Feast of Tara is being held, and Caoilte and Oisin recite for the men of Erin the exploits of the Fianna, and the men of Erin, on separating, take these stories with them to the five distant points of Erin. Thenceforward, no story-teller ever was at a loss for a Fenian tale, and there was no village in Erin in which what the heroes told on that day was not recited. It seems to us that it was the blessing of Patrick on the stories of Caoilte and Oisin that gave such great publicity to them throughout the country. Thenceforward, there was no need that Christians should be afraid to recite these stories of the Pagans.

In the romance which is entitled the "Colloquy with the Ancients," from which we have taken the above account, many pleasing descriptions, many reminiscences of the exploits of the Fianna, and of the manners of the olden time are to be found; the style is pretty, sweet and delightful. One would imagine that every mountain and valley had an intellect and a memory, and every streamlet a tongue, and besides, that knowledge dwelt in the very recesses of every ancient ruin, and that they tell Caoilte of their history, and that he translates it into human speech so that Patrick might understand it.

There is another Fenian tale which is well-known to many, it is the "Pursuit of Diarmaid and Grainne," in which the jealousy and rage and hard-heartedness of Fionn are brought clearly before us. Though Fionn was

Beanna ḡulbain, agus ṽ'fearfachadh Fionn é do ḡaoiadaó ó'n mbár dá mb'áil leis ideoč uirge do ṽabairit éinse. Tá Oísgar ag atéairit aili an ideoč do ṽabairit uair, acht níl maitheas 'n-a ḡlóri. Fá ideoieadó tógann ré uirge ionri a óá láim, acht tuinteann an ṽ-uirge ṽ'aon-am uair. Déanann ré an cleas céadna ariú, agus an tmeas uairi ari teacht fá óém an oísalí vó, "Isáil an ṽ-anam jie colann Óíspimata."

Táj éis ńbair Óíspimata, meallann Fionn Spáinne, iŋ fionann rí aige go bár.

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an cùisearó hál.

TRI TRUASÍSÉ NA SGÉALUÍSÉACHTA.

Tá an ideoiúiseacht ro ionri an litriúiseacht þriúir atá agairn ór na ciantsaib iŋ an litriúiseacht do cumadó tim-ċeall aimprije Aoða Uí Néill, guri minic a bionn þriúr aimprije Uí Néill duħaċ, bħiġonac, doilb, agur ûriżorr do þriúr na fsean-użgoji lán ṽ'átaf iŋ ṽ'aiteas. Do cumadó an þriúr jaġi i n-aimpriji na laoč ari ná jaib eaqla ná uamain, iŋ do ċenji jidhera éaċta iongantacċa iŋ għniomxajta laoċa iż-żebbu. Agur do jiddu na għniom-ariċa jaġi le meiřneac iż-żebbu. Surōt ájro-juġżeġ ċum feiġt iż-żebbu iż-żebbu iż-żebbu iż-żebbu;

a great hero, Grainne was not pleased to have him for a spouse, and fixed upon Diarmaid O Duibhne in his stead. After many sharp struggles Diarmaid is laid out to die on the top of Beann Gulban, but Fionn could save him from death if he chose to bring him a drink of water. Osgar entreats him to give the drink, but his pleading is vain. At last he takes up water between both his hands, but the water he lets drop from him purposely. He repeats the same trick, and the third time as he approaches the sick man, “the soul of Diarmaid goes out of his body.”

After the death of Diarmaid, Fionn wins over Grainne, and she remains with him till death.

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## CHAPTER V.

### THE THREE SORROWS OF STORY.

There is this difference between the prose literature that has come down to us from a remote past, and the literature created in the time of Hugh O'Neill and thereabouts, that the prose of O'Neill's time is often sad, sorrowful and melancholy, while the greater part of the prose of our ancient authors is full of joy and delight. That prose was created in the time of heroes who knew neither fear nor trembling, and who proposed to themselves to perform wondrous exploits and feats of bravery, and who accomplished these deeds with courage and

bíod na hártho ag cainteán le rísléip ír le fíri-bhinnneáir, agus líontári cíoríde na n-uaire, roimh feair ír bean, le hárthó le neartí milreacáta a gceoil. Gluairthó dairg-áisíodh dáraca ari riubal fá ghearráibh éum rímaict do éuirí ari atád é mó-náirpeacé éiginn, nó éum bean uafal do ríeáitseacé ó Ódaorl-Bhrúit. Tá réan ír ronar ari an dtír ari fad. Tá fuaim áitairí fiu i dtíreafraibh coimheargdairí ír i gcoigeadh na lann inír na laetíb seo.

Aict anoirí ír ariú, i mbealtairí na n-údar-rgiúdeacé ro, bionn éacáta tliuaigéiméileacá 'nuairí éuirpeann ríocémaitheáir ír feoiríg ír fiocháirpeacétiúis ronar ír tubairt ari éuiríadairí; ír ní gian úili-rgéaltaibh tliuaigéiméileacá atá an airmíreáir seo—rgéalta tliuaigéiméileacá fuithe go neamhreana, agus rílaictiúischté go liomhá. Táid na rgéalta ro agairínn i nuadó-eagári, aict ní féidirí gian rian na réan-airíriúie do mótiúisgád inír na nórtaibh, na rímuaintibh, ír na dúnlibh cíoríde ír fiu inír na fooclairí féin, go mórimóri inír na laorótiúibh beaga atá annró ír annróidh rgairíscéte tliúin gacé úili-rgéal. Tliáctairí tairí airmíri i ná riaibh eolair ari laorótiúibh Láirne, ná ari céol na h-eaglaise, agus i n-a riaibh véite rá nroéanamh do laocairíb oifítheáirí. Táid na húili-rgéalta ro, aíméac, lán do éairge ír do tliuaigéim, ír do fári-éneafraí, i dtíreó ná fuithe a ríamhád le fagbáil i meafar lítríseacáta na h-eorpa do'n airmíri céadra. Ír iad ro na rgéalta tliuaigé ari ír feáirí atá aitne, "Oróeád Cloinne Lír," "Oróeád Cloinne Uírgnáis," ír "Oróeád Cloinne Tuirpeann."

Tála "Oróeád Cloinne Lír," ní dóna linn go

high spirit. Over-kings sit down to banquets and festivals and marriage feasts in beautiful halls ; the bards sing with rapture and true melody, and the hearts of the nobles, lords and ladies alike, are filled with delight at the sweetness of their music. Bold champions fare forth under *geasa* to bring some stubborn giant under subjection or to set a noble lady free from bondage. The whole land is happy and prosperous. There is a sound of joy even in the ranks of battle and in the strife of spears in these days.

But now and again in the lives of these heroes there are pathetic episodes when the mischief and wrath and cruelty of a king bring misfortune and misery on heroes, and this period is not wanting in romances of pathos,—tragic tales, beautifully conceived and finely finished. We have these tales in a modern form, but one cannot fail to perceive traces of the old times in the habits and modes of thought described, in the aspirations and even in the words themselves, especially in the little poems scattered here and there throughout each romance. They treat of a time in which there was no acquaintance with Latin Hymns or with Church music, and in which renowned heroes were being transformed to gods. These romances are full of tenderness and of pathos and of gentleness of spirit, so much so, that in this they are unsurpassed in the literatures of Europe of the same period. The pathetic tales which are best known, are “The Fate of the Children of Lir,” “The Fate of the Children of Uisneach,” and “The Fate of the Children of Tuireann.”

As regards “The Fate of the Children of Lir,” it has

mbuairdeas ñuam aipi ari t̄riuairḡm̄eileil nádúrt̄a iñ ari ionáiḡeac̄t neam̄-c̄uibeaḡraiḡ. Bí ceat̄riapi leanb̄ ñó-maigr̄eamaile ag Líri-t̄riuári mac agus iñgean, agus iñ i an iñgean labriar do'n c̄uio eile i ñuit an r̄ḡeile. Iñ ḡeárrí go ñruairi mat̄airi na leanb̄ ro bár, agus ḡuip̄ r̄póir Líri a dearib̄riúri Aoife. Fuaic̄tann Aoife Clann Líri le fuat̄ leas-mátaip̄, agus t̄agann tocht buile agus éada 'n-a d̄rioc̄-ép̄oróe 'nuairi ñriat̄ann rí go dtuigann a feap̄i r̄eap̄ic̄ a cléib̄ doib̄, agus ná c̄uirpeann r̄é r̄p̄eir ná suim innte féin. Bí fonn uip̄te iao do c̄uip̄ c̄um báip̄, ac̄t níorí b'f̄eiridhí aoinne o'faḡbáil c̄um an gníom̄ r̄in do ñéanam̄. Le neap̄t a éada do ḡeárrifat̄ rí rnáit̄ a raoiḡail le n-a láim̄ féin, ac̄t go mocht̄iúseann rí laige a tola iñ t̄aire mnáim̄ail. Aip̄ an ḡcumha ro iñ cor̄maiil le mnaoi Mic̄ Beir i, ḡabas a leat̄-r̄ḡeal féin náip̄ ñuail rí buile millte ari Ñúncan mairi ḡeall aip̄ an ḡcor̄maiileac̄t do bí aige le n-a hat̄airi 'n-a c̄ooldaó. Ní'l i mbaoit̄-ḡlóri mná Mic̄ Beir, agus i n-a móri-xt̄oim̄ o'foclaib̄ ag ḡliúrúsḡaó a f̄ili c̄um gníom̄arit̄a, ac̄t iap̄riac̄t aip̄ a laige f̄ein do c̄eilt.

Ac̄t níorí t̄aire o' Aoife. Lá áip̄te c̄uip̄ rí na leinb̄ ag rnáim̄ aip̄ Ñoc̄ Daib̄hrieac̄, agus 'nuairi b̄isodarí 'ran uip̄se o'airt̄riúiḡ rí 'n-a n-ealarótiib̄ iao le neap̄t d̄riaoir-eac̄ta. Annfain iap̄riat̄ na healarócte daonna ro aip̄ a leas-mátaip̄ ñríoct̄maip̄ r̄páir do c̄uip̄ le n-a ḡc̄riuaird̄-c̄áir agus do c̄uip̄ —

“Nó go ḡcom̄piacfaró an bean i nveap̄ agus an feap̄ i ñtuairí . . . . nó go piabtaoi t̄ri c̄éau bliadán

never, perhaps, been surpassed for natural pathos and strange imaginativeness. Lir had four most beautiful children, three sons and a daughter, and it is the daughter that acts the spokeswoman for the others in the course of the narrative. The mother of the children soon died, and Lir married her sister Aoife. With a step-mother's hate does Aoife hate the children of Lir, and her bad heart is seized with a fit of frenzy and jealousy, when she suspects that her husband extends his soul's love to them and that he is neither interested nor concerned in herself. She intended to put them to death, but could find no one to commit that crime. Urged on by her jealousy she would herself cut the thread of their lives, but she perceives the weakness of her will and her womanly tenderness. In this wise she is like Lady Macbeth who excuses herself for not striking a deadly blow at Duncan, by alleging that he was like her father when he slept. Lady Macbeth's empty boastings and her storm of speech urging on Macbeth to the deed, are nothing but attempts to hide her own weakness.

But Aoife does not rest content. One day she put the children to bathe on Loch Dairbhreach and when they were in the water, she transformed them into swans by the power of magic. Then these human swans ask their cruel step-mother to put a period to their hard plight, and she put a period,—

“Until the woman from the south and the man from the north are united . . . . until you shall

ápi **Loch Dairbhreac**, agus ḡní cíead bliaðan api **Siuit** na **Maoile**, roimh **Éilinn** agus **Albam**, agus ḡní cíead bliaðan i níorriar **Dominainn** agus i níni **Sluaire** **Bréanainn**."

Atá atá éigim le fágáil api doife. Ní ḡní léi anoir toplað a miorscaire do ḡágáil nioibh, acht lusgheasadh uigheann rí a gcuimh anjróis ḡóm móri agus if féidiril léi. Fágann rí aca a meabairi daonna féin, agus a n-újlaðra **Seoölge** féin, agus neart ceol do fíomm ḡóm binn, ḡóm milír rín ná fíadrað fíluaiscte feairgáca, ná mardeamhla coðlað do fíeanad uá fáipi-éigteacht.

If **Uí Ó-Geárlip** guri mochtísead amuig ná páirtíde, agus ḡní aitín **Lipí** 'n-a aigheanad féin guri jumnead léiri-rgíomh oírtá, agus é uairi ré gan rtao go bhuacáib **Loch Dairbhreac**; agus innírto na healaróde daonna rám do guri b'iat a curo cloinne féin iad, agus ná fuil ré 'n-a gcumas an dpead daonna do gílacað aphi. If i **Fionn-ghuala** an ingean a labhraí:

"Ní fuil cumas againn taoibh do ḡábaiprí le aon duine feairda, acht atá api n-újlaðra **Seoölge** féin againn, agus atá 'n-ápi gcumas ceol fíipi-éactaé do éantain, agus if leorí do'n cínead daonna uile do fíaramh beit eigteacht leir an gceol rám; agus anaró againn anocht, agus canfam ceol daoirb."

Ní fuláipi do'n cíeol ro bheit milír, ro gáca, do éuiri ruan api atári bhuairdearítá, éiláiróte, if é ag fíeacaint api beomilleadh a cearthíraí leanbh ór comápi a fíl, agus if dear an cunnitair 'ran újri-rgéal ro ruan an atári go mairdin le taoibh an fuaipi-lochá úd. Níorí b'fada ó'n lá rám go

have been three hundred years upon Sruth na Maoile, between Erin and Alba and three hundred years at Iorrás Domhann and Inis Gluaire Brendan."

But Aoife has some kindness left. She cannot now take from them the evil effects of her malice, but she diminishes their discomforts as much as she can. She leaves to them their own human reason and their own Irish speech and the power of discoursing music so sweetly, so melodiously, that angry, hostile armies could not refrain from sleep while listening attentively to it.

In a short time the children were missed, and Lir felt in his own mind that destruction had been wrought on them, and he proceeded without halt to the shores of Loch Dairbhreach, and these human swans inform him that they are his own children, and that it is not in their power to go back to their human shapes again. It is the daughter, Fionnghuala, who speaks :—

"We have not power to associate with any person henceforth, but we have our own Irish Language, and we have power to chant wondrous music, and listening to that music is quite sufficient to satisfy the whole human race ; and stay ye with us this night and we will discourse music for you."

That music must of necessity be sweet and soothing which put to slumber a sad and troubled father, who beheld the living ruin of his four children before his eyes, and it is a beautiful episode in this romance, that the father sleeps till morning beside that cold lake.

υτάνις οιοζάλταρ σόιρι αρι Αοιφε, μαρι ο' αιρτηιζ βοόβ  
Τεαρις λε ομαοιθεαέτι ζο νεαμαν αειρι.

Αγυρ ανοιρ τορυιζεανη ραοζαλ νοιλβ, ηριόναέ να η-έαν  
ρο. Βα όνα αν τρεο ζι ορίτα αρι Λοέ Ταηιθιεαέ, αέτ  
ανηραιν νο τις λεο α γεάιριν ο' αγαλλαμ, αγυρ ceol νο  
ζεινη νο ζυιρφεαό ριλαιζτε ζυμ ρυαιν. Αέτ ζι α πέ  
καιττε, αγυρ νο β' έιγεαν νόιβ νιλ ζυμ αοιζεαέτα αρι  
Σηιυτ να Μαοιλε. Β' έαέταέ ε αν αηιό αγυρ αν εμιαδό-  
ταν ο' ψιλαινγεαναρι ο' ψιο, ο' ζάιτιζ, ιη ο' ζαηιθ-ψιον,  
αγυρ ιη ηριέάζ α ροιλλριζτεαρι ε' ραν ούηι-ργέαλ.

“ Σιό τηιά αέτ τάινις μεαδόν οιόče ζύέα, αγυρ νο ζυιην  
αν ζαοτ πέ, αγυρ νο ηέαυιζεαναρι να τοννα α ντηιεαέαν  
αγυρ α ντοριμάν, αγυρ νο λονηριαζ τεινε ζεαλάιν, αγυρ  
τάινις ηγιαβαό ζαηιθ-ανφαριό αρι ραν να ραιηριζε, ιονηρ  
ζυηι ηγαριαναρι Clanna Λιρι λε ζέιλε αρι ρεαό να τόηι-  
μαρι, αγυρ τυγαό ρεαέηιν αν ζυαιν ζηηη-λεαταιν οηηια,  
ζο ναέ ρεαναρι νεαέ νιοβ οια ηλιζε, νό οια κοναιρι α  
ντεαέαρι αν ζιρο ειλε.”

Σιλ αρι ράγαναρι Σηιυτ να Μαοιλε νο ριαριαναρι ηιαδαρις  
ειλ αρι α γεαριαρι, αγυρ ιη έαέταέ αν ργέαλ νά τάινις  
αορ νά ζάηι αρι Λιρι νά αρι α ζομπλαέτ λε ζέαταιβ  
ζηιαδαν. Ιηρ αν ραοζαλ ρο ι η-α μαιην, τά ομαοιθεαέτ  
αρι ζαέ ηιό, ιη ηι ζαγανν αορ νά νεαεαιρι νά ζαλαρι αρι ζιρι  
νά αρι ζαομιν. Νι' Λ' ραν τραοζαλ ρο αρι ραν αέτ ηιοη-οιζε,  
ιη μαιρε, ιη ούηι-ζηιεάζταέτ.

Ιαρι ζράζθαιλ Σηιότα να Μαοιλε ζόιβ νο ζυγαναρι α  
η-αζαριό αρι Ιοηηιαρ Τοιηηαιν, αγυρ ιη ανηρο νο εαραό  
ορίτα οιζ-ρεαρι νο ζυηι ψιορ ευνηταρ α η-έαέτ, αγυρ λέηι  
ηό-ταιτηιζ ηιληεαέτ α ηζοτα, αγυρ ιη τυγτα ρά νεαρια

Not long after that date a just vengeance came on Aoife, as Bodhbh Dearg transformed her by means of magic into a demon of the air.

And now the sad, sorrowful life of these birds begins. Sad was their plight on Loch Dairbhreach, yet, there they could converse with their friends and discourse music which put hosts to sleep. But now their time was due, and they must perforce take up their abode at Sruth na Maoile. Surprising was the labour and hardship they underwent by reason of the frost, the rain and the inclement weather, and beautifully are these troubles described in the romance.

“ Now, when midnight came upon them and the wind came down with it and the waves grew in violence and in thundering force, and the livid lightnings flashed and gusts of hoarse tempest swept along the sea, then the children of Lir separated from one another and were scattered over the wide sea, and they strayed from the extensive coast so that none of them knew what way or path the others wandered.”

Before they left Sruth na Maoile they beheld their friends once again, and it is strange that neither age nor death came upon Lir and his party, though hundreds of years had passed. In this world in which they live, everything is under the spell of magic, nor age nor trouble nor disease comes on land or people. In this world there is only perennial youth, and beauty and loveliness.

When they left Sruth na Maoile they proceeded to Iorras Domnann and here they fell in with a youth who wrote an account of their adventures, and who was delighted with the sweetness of their voices, and it is to

Siúil annraim ghluaigreann uimhaisgthe an céad uairí ó béal Fionnghualan, agus go n-íarann rí ari a deap-ábháistír aibh ghlilleadh do'n t-aon Dia. Tári éis a dtíréimíre beit caitte annraim fillidh é cum Síl Fionnaícheáid, mar ari bhráthádairi go mbeadh

“Líri go n-a cheaglaí, agus a mhuinntearaí uile,” aét “ír amhráidh fuaimeadair an baile fár folamh ari a gcionn, gan aét maol-riáta glasa agus doipieadha neannta ann, gan tig, gan teme, gan tmeibh.”

Fá óeipreád teagmháisíodh leis na Cíosturóidíb, agus fillidh ari a gcuimhneádaír. Aét do éinír na blianta danta oíche, agus ír cíosonna, foilbhte, fann na rean-daoine iad aonair. Baisteachaí iad, agus tuaithe i gáinm-choíche an báir.

Ír dóisíg linn-ne ná fuil ríseal le fágáil i mór na Lítríseacáta Gaeóilge comh héacataí, comh hiongantaí le “hOítheas Cloinne Líri.” Tríáctann rí ari Léiri-bhríseád na nór nÉireannac do támair le teacht na Cíosturóeacáta. Cuirteann rí i n-umair dúinn nári éiríseád an Cíosturóeacáit ‘n-ari dtíri marí fár na haon-oiróe, aét siúil mall-céimeac, neamh-áparáid do fiosraíseád rí ‘n-ari meairg. Ír é cíallmhíseann an fáradh do fuaimeadair na héim riomhaí ari a bhlilleadh cum baile ná meath na nór bpráigánaí ír díaoi-óeacáta, agus an deifírí móri do bí roiri an Sean-faoighal agus an Saoghal Muad nÉirinn. Ír é cíallmhíseann an dúil do bí aghaí na héanaibh daonna ro ghlilleadh do Cíosturóeacáit ná ullmácht nádúrta na dúnaithe cum an cíosonnaí ceapáid do ghlacáid, ír an bhuairóeaptaí ríomh do támair oíche ná na héacata nádúrta

be noticed that it is there for the first time that prayers escape from the lips of Fionnghuala, and that she asks her brothers to believe in the one God. When their period is spent here they return to Sith Fiannachadh, where they expected to find

“Lir with his household and all his people,” but “they only found the place a desert and unoccupied before them, with only uncovered green raths and thickets of nettles there, without a house, without a fire, without a place of abode.”

At length they fall in with Christians and they return to their human shape once more. But the years had told on them and now they are old, weak and withered. They are baptized, and sink into the quiet sleep of death.

It seems to us that there is no tale to be found in Irish Literature so strange, so wonderful as that of “The Fate of the Children of Lir.” It deals with the breaking up of Irish customs that took place on the coming in of Christianity. It reminds us that Christianity did not spring up in our land as a mushroom growth, but that it is with a slow and steady step it advanced and settled down amongst us. The desert the birds found on their return signifies the decay of pagan and druidical customs and the vast difference that existed between the Old World and the New in Erin. The desire of believing in Christianity evinced by these human birds signifies the natural aptitude of the country for accepting the true faith, and even the very hard-

do éinír na daoine i dtír eo an nuair-éteagairí do ghlacadh. Is é do ghlacadh an rígil fagmhaoití ríathairc ari Éirinn na nDraoi, le n-a curt aitír i gacáin, le n-a curt cíosadháctha i gmeantáin. Is ríorí-phailliáctar atá ór comháiri ari ríil, acht bhrisid na driosc-éalaonta amach ann, i gcaidh órúim rím déinteári deaigis-fáraí do'n pháilliáctar rain. Ní fhanann ann acht bhrisid i gcaidhneair, agus i meáis uaidhír i gcaidhneairta na dúnche aighiscteári ceol na Cíosadháctha é comh cíúin, comh milis le guth na cuairte ari bhréacadh an tráilliúair. Aír dtúig ní puinn do gheillteári do'n ceol rain, acht i gclionn tamaill dúnraigis cluig na hEaglaise an macalla ó gleann i gcomháiri ari phuaird na tíre ari fad.

B'féridír, leir, go bhfuil comháileacht éigin 'fan ríéal ro leir an ríglabhairtseacht do ghlacainseadair ceitíre cúngháde na hÉireann fá dhaorí-riamhacht na nGall, nuair náirí fágadh iubhaine dá mbeathair náisiúnta aca, acht a nteangeolaí dúncheair féin agus a gceol níomháil.

Traighidéacht doimhín, doibh, fhuilmeair i gcead Oidhreach Clóinne Uírgnáis, fóruiscte ari feall neamh-ériuairgmeileac. Atá ann cártháde na n-úirlí-ríéal, ciondó go bhfuil ré leacanacht i bhríinne an tréanáctair, agus go bhfuil cartháem agairn ór na stáití ari a lán doir na daoineibh do teagmhuigear ann linn, agus fóir baineann ré go nglúnt le beirtear úirlí-ríéal níomháileamhail eile.

Do bhrí Conchúir, Rí Uladh, ag caiteamh pléaréde i dtír a feanácarde, agus do iugadh inísean do'n tréanáctair. Aonair Caithbhe, an dhaor, i dtáinigairteáct, go dtábhair

ships they were subjected to signify the natural calamities that prepared the people for the acceptance of the new doctrine. In the beginning of the tale we get a glimpse of the Erin of the druids and its joys and delights, its valour and high-spiritedness. It is a veritable paradise that is set before our eyes, but evil passions break out, and through their means this paradise is converted into a desert. Only sorrow and trouble and loneliness dwell there, while amid the loneliness and trouble of the land there is heard the music of Christianity as gentle, as sweet as the voice of the cuckoo at the dawn of Summer. At first little heed is paid to this music, but after a little time the church bells awaken echo from glen and cave throughout the whole country.

Perhaps also there is some resemblance in this story to the slavery undergone by the four provinces of Erin under the tyranny of the foreigners, when no trace of their natural existence was left them, but their native speech and their own delicious music.

“The Fate of the Children of Uisneach” is a deep melancholy bloody tragedy, founded on pitiless treachery. It has the characteristics of the romances, though it is based on historic truth, and we have historic knowledge of some of the characters we meet in it. Besides, it is closely connected with two other splendid romances.

Conchubhar, King of Ulster, was feasting in the house of his historian, and to the historian a daughter is born. Cathbad, the druid, declares in prophecy that she

mio-ágs iŋ milleas ãpi Čúigeas ñlaas ãpi fad, agus tuigann  
 ré Óéigheie mairi ainnm uighe. Óiginnigtear i do cóngháil  
 fá leit i nodaileácas, agus ãpi maoctam aorise mná ñi,  
 labhrann rí go múnac ãpi an mairse doib'áil léi beit ãpi an  
 bfeair do þórras ñi. Óeighear léi go þfuil a leitíeo  
 rím d'óig-þeair i gceáir an maois. Teagmaito le céile,  
 agus éalainnigton ariason go halbam, agus téir beigint  
 deaibhriátaí ñaoirise le n-a coir. Tagann mio-þuamá-  
 near ãpi an maois, i nodaír ña mná mairseamla, agus  
 labhrann a ériordóe cum vioigaltas do baint ar ña  
 cupraðaib. Acht cia bainfeas an vioigaltas rain vioib?  
 Ni hé Cú Čulainn ñá Conall Ceápmac, acht atá át  
 éigín le fágsbáil ãpi Þeigheas Mac Róis, agus cunigtear  
 go halbam é ná n-íarpiriaró.

Toiginnigteann tmaisigmáel an ríseil i gceáir tmaisí do  
 ghlúofarann an t-ágs ñaoirise tré neairt tír-ðriáða cum  
 ghlúaireascht a baile, iŋ ñan toigat do beit aigse ãpi  
 atéairisht ñá ãpi báigairt Óéigheie. Cúir ñaoirise ionntaois  
 i bfeairðus, agus do meallaó é. Ni d'óis go þfuil i  
 litriúigteascht aon rítairi iŋ bhlónaighe agus iŋ doilbe ñá  
 beo-cumíne Óéigheie ag fágsbáil na halban ri:—

“Mo éion duit a tírí úd fóir, agus iŋ mao-olc liom é tú  
 o'fágsbáil, óiri iŋ aoribinn do éuain agus do éalað-þuairt  
 agus do mágá mion-þsoctaó, caomh-áilne, agus do tulca  
 taitneamáca, taoibh-uaine, agus iŋ beag do léigseamairi  
 a lear é tú o'fágsbáil.”

Agus annraian leanann laoir ñeo-éadointe, ñubhlónaí,  
 uairgneac. Ni léiri-éairingairteascht labhras Óéigheie, acht

would bring misfortune and the destruction of the entire province of Ulster, and he gives her the name of Deirdre. Directions are given that she be kept apart in fosterage, and when she grows up to woman's estate, she speaks cryptically of the beauty she should desire in the man who would be her husband. She is informed that such a youth is to be found in the king's court. They meet, and both escape to Alba, and Naoise's two brothers go along with him. Unrest seizes the king through the absence of the comely woman and his soul lights up to take vengeance on the heroes. But who will thus avenge them? Not Cuchulainn or Conall Cearnach! But Feargus Mac Roigh shows signs of weakness and he is accordingly sent to Alba to fetch them.

The pathos of the tale begins in earnest when Fate urges Naoise through love of country to return home, disregarding the entreaties or the threats of Deirdre. Naoise trusts to Feargus and is deceived. There is not, perhaps, in literature, any passage more sad and melancholy than the live-lament Deirdre chants as she is leaving Alba:—

“My love to thee O Land of the East, and distressed am I at leaving thee, for delightful are thy harbours and havens, and thy pleasant smooth-flowered plains, and thy lovely green-browed hills, and little need was there for us to leave thee.”

And then follows a sorrowful, lonely lay of live-lamentation. Deirdre does not speak in open prophecy,

is geall le tajingairieacét ḡrioc-áṁriar a chiorde:—

“Do ériom néal ḫan aej agus is néal folá é, agus; do béalpaim comaire le mait ḡaoibh-re, a Ćloinn Uírgnigh,” aji rí, “dul go Dún Dealgan, mar a bhrúil Cú Ćulainn, nó go gcaitíó Fearnáis an fleadh, agus beit ari comairece Ćon Ćulainn, ari eagla ceilge Concúbairi.”

Aét ní tuigeadh géilleadh vi, amairil do éuiri luit na Tríae neamh-führim i riártóibh Ćarfandóra.

“Ó naé bhrúil eagla oírlainn, ní théanfaimid an comaire le rín,” ari Naoirfe.

Aét téidéann a ḡrioc-áṁriar i lénire agus i nroéine:—

“A Ćloinn Uírgnigh, atá comairecta agam-ja ḡaoibh-re, má tá Concúbairi ari tí feille do théanamh oírlaibh.”

Agus tagann an comairecta rín cum cinn, agus deirí rí, “Do b'fearáilí mo comairele-re do théanamh fá gán teacét go h-Éirinn.”

Sé bun na tríairgíóideacétá an neamh-führim do éuiridh Ćlann Uírgnigh i n-aṭċairtibh Óréiróire. Agus anoiri tá ríao għieamuisiżte i uTig na Ċlaoiħe Ruairóe, agus tor-nuigħeann an t-ári. Ní férdiri Naoirfe fém do jāru għad ari ċjօuðacét:—

“Agus nó go n-árijeamit ari għainim maria, nó dualle f'reħxa, nó ḡriūċi koll f'ebi, nó jiealta neimie, ní f'férdiri jidhom ná árijeam a jaib do ċeannaiħ cijlað agus cait-niċċieħda agus do meaħħaħaib maola-ħeajja o' l-ári Naoirfe ari an l-ári rín.”

Aét ní jafta 'n-a h-ajgħnejad b' Óréiróire:—

“Varji mo l-ári, is buaħda ān turiar rín do luuġnejad li, agus is ole an comairele do luuġnejhaib taoħha le Concúbairi go bixxat.”

but her soul's suspicions resemble prophecy.

"I behold a cloud in the sky and it is a cloud of blood, and I would tender you a good advice, O Sons of Uisneach," she says "that you go to Dun Delgan where Cuchulainn is, until Feargus has partaken of the feast, and that you abide under the protection of Cuchulainn through fear of Conchubhar's deceit."

But her words were disregarded just as the Trojans disregarded the words of Casandra.

"As we are not afraid we will not follow that advice," says Naoise.

But her suspicion of evil becomes clearer and its expression more vehement:—

"Sons of Uisneach, I have a sign for you as to whether Conchubhar intends to practise treachery against you."

And the sign she gives comes to pass, and she says,

"It would have been better to follow my advice and not come to Erin."

The disregard of the Sons of Uisneach for Deirdre's entreaties is the foundation of the tragedy. And now they are held close in the Red Branch House, and the slaughter begins. Naoise himself is unsurpassed for bravery.

"And till the sands of the sea or the leaves of the woods or dewdrops on the grass or the stars of heaven are numbered, one cannot count or reckon what number there was of heads of heroes, of warriors and of bare red necks from the hands of Naoise on that spot."

But Deirdre is uneasy in her mind.

"By my hand, victorious was that sally which you made—and evil was your resolve ever to put your trust in Conchubhar."

Amhráin Léimisí Táiri ná ballardóib. Ír beirnire Déiridhre leor, agus beirnir raoirí ari Choncúbaír go briátt muna mbeaúd guri éiní an tóraoi, ag géilleabú do'n riúd, coirte le n-a gceisiúnach. Tuitiu Clann Uírní. agus éagann Déiridhre ari uairí Naoihe. Mallaistuiséann an tóraoi Eamáin, agus táinigairreann ré ná beró ríliocht Choncúbaír go briátt i Riocháct Uíla.

‘San úiní-rgéal ro ír Léiri guri b’ é oibhinnisgád an áis éinnte cloé-bhun ná tuiariúiseácta. Tugtarí iarrhaíochta ari an t-áis rian do féanach, agus Déiridhre ná bheagairt san raoiríeann ari Naoihe, ír ná óemínnisgád, acht ní shéilleann Naoihe ná glór. Fiú-íráid do b’eadh ari uairíb an tóraoi, acht comhliionann ré féin mórán ná táinigairreácht, agus ír deallriamh ná riabhlach fios aige go millpeadh an Rí Clann Uírní ’nuairí do bain ré le tóraoirídeácht a gcumáir níos. Acht tári éis a n-éaga, fulleann an táinigairreácht ariú aili. Ír éacatac é cumácht an tóraoi ’ian rgéal ro, a neart táinigairreácta agus cumáir mór-écupairíde do leagád; acht ciond cumáctac é an tóraoi, níl ré ’n-a écumáir, an t-áis vo círdeann ré go tóraíca ag teacáit, vo fáilisgád.

Níl rílge agairn éum cíaoibh-rgaoileadh do óeanaí ari “Oirdeanú Clóinne Tuirneann,” acht ír i an ionntaoibh do b’í aca ar an riúd vo dall an cíaoiúde aca, ír do éiní ar a gcumáir an t-áis vo b’í riúmpa vo féanach.

And now they leap over the ramparts, and they bear Deirdre with them, and they would have escaped Conchubhar for evermore, did not the druid stay their valour in obedience to the king. The Sons of Uisneach fall, and Deirdre dies on the grave of Naoise. The druid curses Emhain and foretells that the descendants of Conchubhar will never reign in Ulster.

In this romance it is obvious that the working of certain fate is the foundation of the tragedy. An effort is made to avoid this fate and Deirdre is incessantly threatening Naoise with it, and drawing attention to it, but Naoise heeds not her voice. The druid was at times a real prophet, but he himself fulfils much of his prophecy, and it is likely that he did not know that the king would destroy the Sons of Uisneach when he deprived them of their strength by magic. But after their death his prophetic soul returns to him. Wonderful is the power of the druid in this romance; great his gift of prophecy, and his capability of overthrowing great heroes; but powerful as is the druid, it is not given to him to avert the fate which he sees coming on.

We have not space to remark upon "The Fate of the Children of Tuireann," but it is their trust in the king that blinded their hearts and that rendered them powerless to avoid the fate that was in store for them.

## an séise a ó h a l t.

na h annála.

Do ríomhaothas a láin do þriór álainn 'r an reacchtas aóthaois r éag, go móri-móri 'n-a toraí. Cioró go bhfuil "Annála Ríogaícta Ériúeann" 'n-a gceoloinic ari an nuaútais ari fad, ó céad-ghabál na tíre, iñ iomána ríseal grieannmári, iñ iomána tuairiúis caéa iñ cunnitair ari earrbog, iñ ari rcoláirie le fagbáil ionnta, go móri-móri 'r an gceird iñ d'éirídeanaiséis tioib. Iñ fíorí gurí tógraí an éirí iñ mó dor na h annálaib ó fíean-leabhríaiib ná fuil agaínn anoir, agus gurí lean na huigdairi reancáint na leabharí ro, iñ gurí ríomhaothas ari féin i gceant arióthéigeará, árgra, neamh-choitcian, ná tuisgeáid anoir gur duasá, acht 'n-a Óriaró fín, iñ minic a ríomhaothann fiaid le bhríd iñ fuinneamh ari chosairóib iñ ari ériéacáib, iñ ari an bhriúid na h-Ériúeann. Iñ dorígs ná fuil ag aon ériúic 'r an uimhán an oiriadair fain reancáir iñ ríseal iñ beartasú nuaomh iñ fíair, an oiriadair fain tráchtá tairí gac ari ghaib an tír, iñ ari gac fagair neithe bhi le fagbáil ann—ari a huigdairaiib iñ ari a laocheair, cuimhne i nuaíaró a céile ó'n dtóraí, bhláthain i nuaíaró bhláthána iñ atá le fagbáil iní na h annálaib fíor, ó teacht Chaeirí i d'fíor lá ríomh an uile go dtí an bhláthain 1616, v'aoir Ériúor.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE ANNALS.

There was a large amount of beautiful prose written in the seventeenth century, especially at the commencement. Although “The Annals of the Kingdom of Ireland” are a chronicle of the entire country, from the first occupation of its land, there are many pleasant stories, many accounts of battles, and notices of bishops and scholars to be found in them, especially in the latter portion of them. It is true that the greater portion of the Annals were selected from old books which we do not now possess, and that the authors preserved the quaint old style of these books, and that they themselves wrote in a strange, antiquated, uncommon style, which would not be understood nowadays without difficulty; nevertheless, they often write with force and vigour on the battles, the spoils, and the slavery of Ireland. No country in the world, perhaps, possesses so much history and legend, so much of the lives of saints and princes, so much notice of what befel the country, and of all things it possessed, of its writers and heroes, so much of all these things, I say, arranged consecutively from the beginning, year after year, as is to be found in these Annals, from the arrival of Cæsair, forty days before the flood, to the year 1616 of the Christian era.

Is i nDún na nGall do cuijeadó le céile an móri-obaipi  
re, i gConbeint na mBriáin, "do éait coirtas bító agus  
friuotáilme" leis na huigíarair, agus is ann do chrioc-  
núiseadó na hAnnála, 'san mbliaodain 1636. Aitheirí  
Micheál Ua Cléirig fémis suí b'eadó an dala lá fiúid do  
mí 1anuári, Anno Domini, 1632, do tionnúisnaid an  
leabair ro, i gConbeint Uíhúin na nGall, agus "do  
chriochnaisheadh írin gconbeint céadra an deachmáth  
lá o' Aogusrt, 1636." Soítear aí an obairi reo go minic,  
"Annála na Ceitíle Maigistri." Is iad fain Micheál  
Ua Cléirig, Conaire Ua Cléirig, Cucóigíreac Ua Cléirig,  
is Feaprafa Ua Maolchonaire. Briáiní o' Óir Ó Naoimh  
Fhiancéir do b'eadó Micheál, agus do b' é ainní do  
glaotairde aili ná Tadg an tSléibhe. Do iugadó é  
'san mbliaodain 1575, le hairt Béal Átha an Sionnan, i  
gContae Dún na nGall. Bí ré marí óútcair aige beit 'n-a  
érioinicíde, is ní raiib érioinicíde riám i nÉirinn do éuir  
níos mó le céile rá peancair is do bheatair a naom 'ná  
an briáiní bocht ro, mar is é do rípiob na leabairi reo  
leanaor:—"An Réim Riochtaíde agus Ó Naoimh Seancara  
na hÉireann" (1630), "An Leabair Gabála" (1631),  
is 'n-a oteannta fain do rípiob ré ranarán nuadó i  
n-ári mhinig ré mórián do ériuadó-foclaib na pean-uigíar.  
Aitheirí híppur go bfuairi ré bár 'san mbliaodain 1643.  
Bí caint Miċil fémis rímpliúde, deas, marí foillseis-teeair  
'san peam-focal do éuiri ré i uisceadó na n-Annálae  
o' Feapra Ua Gabála.

Bí Cucóigíreac Ua Cléirig, duine eile doir na Maigis-  
tríuóib, 'n-a céann aí an tseirib do muinntirí Cléirig

It was in Donegal that this great work was compiled in the Convent of the Friars who entertained and waited on the authors, and there these Annals were completed in the year 1636. Michael O'Clery himself says that it was on the 22nd day of the month of January, 1632, this book was commenced in the Convent of Donegal, and that "it was completed in the same convent on the 10th day of August, 1632." This work is often called "The Annals of the Four Masters," and these are Michael O'Clery, Conaire O'Clery, Cucogry O'Clery and Fearfeasa O'Mulconry. Michael was a brother of the Order of Saint Francis and he was usually called Tadhg-of-the-mountain. He was born in the year 1575 beside Ballyshannon in the County of Donegal. He was a hereditary chronicler, and never was there a chronicler in Ireland who compiled more of her history and of the lives of her saints, than this poor friar. For it was he who wrote the following books:— "The Succession of Kings" and "The Ecclesiastical History of Ireland" (1630), "The Book of Invasions" (1631), and in addition to these he wrote a new glossary in which he explained many difficult words in the old authors. Harris says he died in the year 1643. Michael's own style was simple and pretty, as is shown in the preface to the Annals he wrote for Ferghal O'Gara.

Cucogry O'Clery, another of the Masters, was chief of the tribe of the O'Clerys who were in Tyrconnell.

do b'i i d'Tírí Chonaill. Do ríspíobh ré, i vteannta na n-Annálae, "Beata Doða Ruairí Uí Domnaill," agus iŋ aip an Leabhar Þain a tógtári a lán do'n éuit ðeiríeannaisg dorf na n-Annálaib. Obairi álainn, fuinneamhail is eað "Beata Doða Ruairí." Ní'l ré ari moð na n-Annálae, acht cupita le céile le bjiúg iŋ le tatac ó tuijg so ðeiríeas. Ní húi-riſéal, leif, é, acht riſéal fumnt le ceairtar, riſéal áiri iŋ folá iŋ catuigte, riſéal ipliigte na hÉiríeann, iŋ a cupita i n-anþjumro. Tá caint an Leabhar Þeo ájra go leorí, agus a lán rean-þocal iŋ júaróte le fagbáil ann ná tuigfað onoir acht amáim luict léiginn. Tá an caint, leif, capta go leorí, agus mórián oí do-ðuigre. Atáid na jíanna jíó-þafa, agus an iomad buað-þocal i ntoiarið a céile ionnta, acht 'n-a ðiarið jin iŋ farómeamhail, bunaðarac atá an caint ann, agus anrho iŋ annrúo atá jí ari larað le teaf-aisneas na þráid iŋ na þríleas.

As Þeo an tuairiug a tuisgáinn an t-uſðoarí ro ari éogas Þeaga Ruairí —

"Do beartfarat iarom an uchþruinne fóri an ríliseó na gairbhínnannai nainmneicir 7 jio baor do ðreifri 7 do tjiennneajt hi jruith na reanabann (amail jio ba bér oí), 7 daineatargnáirde na oíruim Leice ðuiþjleimíne mairi ðónairi coitcinn do tjiomþloð 7 van venereite 7 do aðlaigse na ngsall dearfbaró aijþeartta biti guri jio baróitt ilé via ffreagairb via mnáib via neachairb agus via ceaplið, go jucc tjiestan an tjirothia i fudomairi Þeaga Ruairí iatt, 7 aþriðe jí ari guri an tuijg mói."

Besides the Annals, he wrote a “Life of Hugh Ruadh O’Donnell” and from this book a large amount of the Annals is taken. “The Life of Hugh Ruadh” is a beautiful and vigorous work. It is not in the style of the Annals, but composed with force and vividness from beginning to end. Neither is it a romance but a story told with truth and propriety, a story of slaughter and blood and sorrow, the story of the downfall of Ireland and her bringing into bondage. The style of this book is rather archaic, and there are many antiquated words and phrases in it which only the learned would understand now. The construction is, too, rather involved and much of it hard to follow. The sentences are too long, and too many adjectives are placed consecutively in them, yet the language is forceful and vigorous, and here and there it blazes up with the fire of the seer and the poet.

It is thus the author describes the Battle of Assarœ :—

“They then breasted that fierce unwonted torrent and on account of the strength and power of the current of the river (as was usual with it) and the difficulty of the very smooth surface of the flags as a common passage for the great host, and, moreover, from the weakness and feebleness of the foreigners, through want of a due supply of food, many of the men, women, steeds and horses were drowned, and the strength of the current bore them into the depths of Assarœ and thence westward to the ocean.”\*

\* The text of extract from “Life of Red Hugh O’Donnell” is taken from Father Murphy’s edition.

b' é Dubhaltac Mac Fírbhriúig an rísoláiríe ba Óengus  
eannraighe do éiní gímealaíe na dtíreabhlí níos meannasach i  
n-eagair le fíor-foghlaim. Do mhusaodh é i Leacan Mic  
Fírbhriúig, gContae Sligí, timcheall na bliana 1585.  
Bí a fíngreairiúin 'n-a gcliomhchríobh, agus i ní  
ceann aca do rípiúoibh aifí do cuipeasó le céile "Leabhar  
Lecan" agus "Leabhar Buiríe Lecan." Do hoileadó  
Dubhaltac 'ran Mumain fá Muinntir Aodhaúsaí, agus  
fá Muinntirí Daibhíon, agus do é aití ré újmóriú ná  
faoisail fada ag cuí le céile gacáil ari fán an trácht rian  
do gímealaíe aibh na hÉireann. Ó'n mbliadán 1645 go  
1650, bí ré 'ran Saillim, i gColáirte S. Mícol, ag  
cuí le céile a móri-obraí, "Craobha Coibneara agus  
Geneliusg Saaca Sabála dárí gáibh Éire ó'n Amra go  
hAodáam." 'San Saillim do bí cariocheam aige ari Ruríu  
Ua Flaitheais agus ari uisgoair "Cambrensis Eversus,"  
agus i nmóri ari congnaí do éisg ré dóríb arión. 'N-a  
dúairí réin do bí ré ari tuairiúrtal ag Síri Lamair Uaire,  
ag ailtíuigheas ari ari leíri-míniúigheas na pean-uisgoair  
nGaeilgealaíe go hár Uaire, 'ran mbliadán 1666. Do  
mairbheach Dubhaltac 'n-a feartóine 'ran mbliadán 1670,  
i gContae Sligí, i níos éirígíú a leitíeo do rícoláiríe  
i nÉirinn ó fion go hainmriú eogam Ua Comháire.

Vála móri-oiríre Óubaltairg ari gheimnealaí na hÉireann, i n-riu an t-aonair do éinri ré uirte do ríspíobad go liom-lán, óiri forllrigéann ré óúinn bun na hoirbhe rím, mar do ceap aigéneadh Óubaltairg é. **AS** seo an t-aonair:

Dudley Mac Firbis was the latest scholar who arranged the genealogies of the Irish tribes with thorough knowledge. He was born in Leacan Mic Firbis, in the County Sligo, about the year 1585. His ancestors before him were chroniclers, and it was by one of them that "The Book of Lecan" and "The Yellow Book of Lecan" was compiled and written. Dudley was educated in Munster under the Mac Egans and the O'Davorens, and he spent the greater part of his long life in putting together what remained at that time of the genealogies of Ireland. From the year 1645 to the year 1650 he was at Galway at the College of St. Nicholas compiling his great work "The Pedigree and Genealogical Branches of every Tribe that invaded Ireland from the present time up to Adam." At Galway he became acquainted with Roger O'Flaherty and with the author of "Cambrensis Eversus," and great was the assistance which he rendered to both. After that he was hired by Sir James Ware, for translating and explaining the old Irish authors, up to Ware's death in the year 1666. Dudley was murdered in his old age in the year 1670, in the County of Sligo, and so great a scholar did not appear in Ireland till the time of Eoghan O'Curry.

As regards Dudley's great work on Irish Genealogies, it is well to write in full the title he gave it himself, as it reveals to us the object of the work as the mind of Dudley conceived it. This is the title he gave it :—

“ Círaoibh coibhneacha agus gheusta ginenliúis gácha gábhála  
nápi gábh Éire ó'n amra go hAdam (aict Fionnualaig, Lóe-  
lannais, agus Saoráill amáin, Láimhain ó t' an gádai nápi  
ttípi) go naomíseanácar agus réimh iúisgráidé Fóbla fóir  
agus fá theóris cláir na ccaimhriúis teaghlach iapu náriú aibhíle  
na gáimte agus na haité oifitheacá lúaiterí iúin  
leabhairfa do teaglomaod leis an Dubhaltac Mac Fírbhuis  
Leacain. 1650.”

Tápi éis éagá an Dubhaltac, ní píath feair i nÉirinn  
ag a píath eolair cinnite ari fíean-úligríb na hÉireann,  
nó ag a píath neart focail doiriúca na fíean-uigíar do  
craobhgráaoilead. Ba móri an méala é gáin amháin, agus  
iú náriúeac an fíéal le n-aitíuif ná tagliann Síri lamair  
Uaire píamh dá ainnm, ciosd gúri iomána fíean-úligríbinn  
doiriúca d'airítear ré ari Ísleoirí d'ó, iú gúri móri an  
congnáin do tuisg ré d'ó cum a leabhair do éuri le céile  
iú do ceapáitúgád. Fíilleann an fíeanácar ari fíein. Feair  
eile marí an Dubhaltac do b'eadh Eoghan Ua Cúraíde. Ní  
píath feair eile i nÉirinn ag a píath an oifheas fain  
eolair ari fíean-úligríseacáit na hÉireann iú ari a fíean-  
úligríb. Is iomána lá do éait ré ag fíriúnaod leabhair  
cair-doríca na nuligríte; do fhuil ré an duad, iú fhuair  
náome eile an clú.

Atá oict náoi n-oifheacá eile, bunaodáraíca ná ait-  
fíriúbha ó láimh an Dubhaltac, Sanapáin, 7c. Níl i  
leabhairí an Dubhaltac mójian do phróir bhlíosmári, aict  
ta an oifheas fain léiginn ionnta ná e ceapit iad do  
náimhneach ná do léigean i bpráillige.

“The Pedigree and Genealogical Branches of every Colony that took possession of Erin from the present time up to the time of Adam, (except the Fomorians, the Lochlanns and the Sax-Normans, only so far so they are connected with the History of our own Country,) together with the Genealogies of the Saints and the Succession of the Kings of Ireland. And finally a Table of Contents in which are arranged in Alphabetical order the Surnames and Noted Places which are mentioned in this Book which was compiled by Dudley Mac Firbis of Lecain in the year 1650.”

After the death of Dudley there was no one in Ireland who had an accurate knowledge of the old laws of Erin, or who could explain the difficult words of the old authors. He was unquestionably a great loss, and it is shameful to have to relate that Sir James Ware never mentions his name, though many are the old obscure texts he translated from Irish for him, and though much was the assistance he gave him to compile his works. History repeats itself. Another such man as Dudley was Eoghan O’Curry. There was no other man in Ireland who possessed so much knowledge of the ancient literature of Erin and of her ancient laws. Many a day did he spend investigating the difficult, intricate, obscure books of the laws. He underwent the labour and others reaped the fame.

There are eight or nine other works original or copied in Mac Firbis’s hand, glossaries and such like. There is not in Dudley’s books much forceful prose, but they contain so much learning that they should not be forgotten or neglected.

## AN SEACHTAIN AÓ HALT.

## SEACHTRÚN CÉITINN.

Níl aon uigðarí do júnne an oíchead le Céitinn ó cum  
Léigheann iñ litriúgheacáit do éonghbáil beo i meairg na  
nuaimeadó, go móri-móri daoine Leatá Moða. Níor  
b'eað guri ríomh Seachtúin reancaír rió-beacáit, rió-éinnte,  
aict guri éi ré le céile i n-aon bholg amáin na  
tuailiugrídóe do b'í le faghbáil ari Éigunn in iñ na rean-  
leabhríab. Ní jai'b tuailiug eile le faghbáil com dear,  
com fuminte iñ do leat ré ari fuaro na tíre. Ní jai'b  
aoinne 'n-a rcoláipe faganta ná jai'b eolat aige ari  
rtáipe Céitinn, iñ ní jai'b círócnusád déanta ari rcoláipe  
i rcoil go mbeadó macraíail déanta aige do'n "bFóraj  
Feasa." I meairg na dtuatac é rímpliúde ní leomhaó  
aoinne aimpíar do éi ari an gcuimntar tuisceann Céitinn  
ari ghabáil na hÉigheann le Paptolan, iñ leis an gcuio  
eile do'n tréib ríin tairleas. Ní leomhaó aoinne réanadó  
guri círéimeadó Gaeðeal Glas le natai níme, iñ guri  
cneaswiz Maorí a cneadó 'fan Éigipt le feaptaib Dé.  
Bíodarí na daoine realbunigte v'fíjunne na ríseal  
rain, iñ b'í a n-úri-móri 'n-a mbeal aca, iñ ní jai'b dán  
ná laoró gan tagairt éigint uor na móri-ðairgríob ari ari  
tráict Céitinn. If uóig linn muna mbeadó guri ríomhbaó  
an "Fóraj Feasa" ná beadó cumhne na rean-aimpíre, ná  
aimeadáca na rean-fláit, ná éacra na leomhan leat com

CHAPTER VII.

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## GEOFFREY KEATING.

No author has done as much as Keating to preserve literature and learning amongst the people, especially the people of Leath Mhogha. Not that Keating wrote a very accurate or critical history, but he amassed into one repository the accounts of Ireland given in the old books. There was no other record to be found so neat, so well constructed as his, and it circulated throughout the country. No one was considered a good scholar who was not acquainted with Keating's History, and at school no student was considered finished, till he had made a copy of "The Forus Feasa." Amongst the simple country folk no one dared to cast a doubt on the account Keating gives of the occupation of Ireland by Partholan and the rest of that band from across the sea. No one dared deny that Gaedheal Glas was bitten by a serpent and that Moses healed his wounds in Egypt, by the power of God. The people were convinced of the truth of these stories, and the greater portion of them were ready on their lips and there was no poem or song that did not make some reference to the great heroes of whom Keating makes mention. It seems to us that had "The Forus Feasa" not been written the remembrance of by-gone times, or the names of the old chieftains, or the exploits of the heroes would not have

abairt i n-aigseadó ná nuaointeadoifír b'íodairi leit-céad bhliaðan ó fóim.

Ír fíor, go deimín, go piab é na neite seo i leabhríab éile ari ari tóis Seatjúin iad, acht níl uji-móri doir na leabhríab seo le fagbáil i náin. Do cailleamairi iad, ír tá an "Fóimur Feara" 'n-ari meairg, gan focal, gan litípi ag teaptabáil uair. Tamall ó fóim ír ari éigín do b'í duine uafal i gCúigeadó Mumhan ná piab a macramail do'n "Fóimur Feara" go ceanamail i gcomhád aigse. Bí ré ag na daomhíb bocta comh maist leis na huairfliab. Ír cuimín linn féin físeadóirí bocht do maijí i níarthaír Cíarliairde, nári móri i oteannta dótain na horóche do b'í 'n-a feilb, do éairbeáin dom a macramail do Céitinn go ceanamail, caolta i linn-éadaí, ír gan duil ag páirte brieit ari, ná diofagbáil ari b'ít do éanamh do. Ba gheall le leabharí naomha é ari a meair, ír níor thiomáoin do b'í an leabhar fain, marí íf blápta círuinn do b'í tuairiú agus gáct leatanaí de i gceann an físeadóirí, agus ba éeacairí áiteamh ari go piab focal acht fírinne 'fan méid do fíriúib Céitinn ari Fennius Feargair, ari Íaptolan, ír an éuit eile aca. Tá cumhne Céitinn fóir i meairg daointeadoifír nári léig, ír ná feacaró piab a éuit faochtaí. Ír doisg leis a lán go piab nuaointeadocht éigín ari an náin, nó gur ó neamh do éainig ré cum cumntar ari fían do éabairit náin. Ní móri an t-iongnaid gurí círeid na daointe nári náin daonna Seatjúin. Do tréibh Sallua do b'eaó é, acht 'n-a óir ari go b'í ré roipí *Hiberniores Hibernicis ipsis.* Catoiliceac ó cíorúe amach

been half so fresh in the minds of the people as they were some fifty years ago.

It is true, indeed, that these things were to be found in other books, from which Keating extracted them, but the greater part of these books are not to be found at the present day. These are lost to us, while "The Forus Feasa" is with us, with not even a word or a letter wanting to it. Some time back there was hardly a gentleman in Munster who had not his copy of "The Forus Feasa" affectionately guarded. The poor people as well as the upper classes had it. I myself remember a poor weaver who lived in West Kerry who had little more than enough of food for the passing day, showing me his copy of Keating, which was fondly wrapt up in a linen cloth, while children were forbidden to handle it or injure it in any way whatever. He looked upon it as a sacred book. Nor did he possess it in vain, for that weaver had an accurate, perfect knowledge of every page of it in his head, and it would be difficult to persuade him that there was any error in any word Keating wrote about Fennius Fearsad, Partholan and the rest. There is a traditional remembrance of Keating still amongst the people who never saw or read his work. Many think that the man was under the spell of magic or that he came from heaven to give us an account of our ancestors. It is not so strange that the people believed that Keating was not a mere human being. He sprang from a foreign stock, yet he was among those who were "more Irish than the Irish themselves." He was a Catholic of heart-felt sincerity,

Seagairt, Dochtúirí Óiaethaícta do b'eaó é. Feapí Léigeannta i Lairdin ír i leabhríai b'na n-Altíneacá do b'eaó é, ír cait ré a lán dá faoisgal 'fan b'friainc. Acht 'nuairí o'fill ré a baile tuis ré é féin fuaif ari fad o'obairí na hEaglaise le díosgríair iongantaisg suíri cuipeacó fuaigairt neacá aíri, ír suíri b'éigean do dul i b'folaíc i gcumári doilb i nGleann Cháirlaíc. Ír é an iusd ír iongantaisg i mbeacáití Seachtúin go b'fuaif ré uain ír caoi ari na leabhairí do cheartuis uairí i gcoíri a fheanáir, do bailiúsgaó an fad do b'í fán ír fuaigairt aíri. Do riubail ré go Connacáitíb ír go Doire, acht ní móí do meaf do b'í ag feapairí Ulaó ná ag Connacáitíb aíri. I gcionn trí ní ceatáirí do b'liadantaisb' b'í an "Fórum Fheara" go léir cuipta i gceann a céile aíse (1631). Do rípiob' ré fóir dá leabhair viaó, "Eocairí Sgiat an Áifíunn," agur "Táí b'íor-ghaoithe an Báir."

Dála an "Fórum Fheara," toirnúigéann ré ó'n b'frioptóraí, ír tagann anuas go 1200. Tá ré lán do fheanáinníb i n-a mbailischeair ainnmeacá na vtiúleab do táinig go hEíunn, ír i n-a gcuimteair le céile na hÉacáta do bain leo. Tá a b'fuis i bpríor de, leir, annró ír annró múaíte le ainnmeacáib' taoiseacá ír fíait ír a gceasóib' ginealaíc. Níorí céap Seachtúin aon níod ó n-a meabhairí féin; gac a vtugann ré óúinn—na rísealta, na hÉacátróe, na gabáltaír na hÉacáta ari muijí ír ari trí—fuaifí ré iad go léir i gcaon-leabhairí do b'í fad meaf ag ollamhnaíb' ír fáidíb. Ní júnne ré acht iad do éup le céile ír v'aontusgáú. Dá mbeaoí ré ag ait-

a priest, a Doctor of Divinity. He was a man versed in Latin and in the works of the Fathers, and he passed a good deal of his life in France. But when he returned home he devoted himself altogether to the work of the Church with astonishing zeal, until he was hunted and was obliged to conceal himself in a gloomy cave in the Glen of Aherlow. The strangest circumstance connected with the life of Keating is that he found opportunity while in a state of flight, to collect the books he required for his History. He travelled to Connaught and to Derry, but the Ulstermen and the Connaughtmen paid little heed to him. He completed the whole "Forus Feasa" within three or four years (1631). He also composed two spiritual books, "The Key-Shield of the Mass" and "The Three Shafts of Death."

As regards "The Forus Feasa" it begins at the very beginning and comes down to 1200. It is full of old verses in which the names of the Tribes who came to Erin are mentioned and in which the exploits with which they were connected are recorded. The prose portion, too, is here and there over-crowded with the names of chieftains and princes and with their pedigrees. Geoffrey did not invent anything himself, what he sets before us—the tales, the adventures, the invasions, the exploits on land and sea,—he found them all in old books which were held in esteem by *ollamhs* and seers. All he has done is to put them together and reconcile them. If he were to re-write these things now, having

rgíliúðað ná neiteað rím i nónu, agus a aigneadó lán do leigseann na hainmíripe seo, níl deajimad ná go scuipteað ré a lán tioð i leat-taoibh, do bhiúg ná baineann riad le fíli-ßeancáir. Acht do rcpíosbh ré an “Fóliur Fóra” tá geall le tpi céad bliaðan ó fion, agus ní hiomsgnað ná riabh an oíchead rain amhrain i dtaoibh fíjunne na n-éacht ro an trácht rain. Agus iñ maoi an scéadona atá an rgéal ag tiochtairb eile. Tá a lán éacht iñ eactria i reancáir na Rómha do éjero na Rómánaísh go hiomlán i n-aimfíri Íníosil iñ Oibrí — ná fuil ionnta acht úirrgéalta na bfilead. Ápi an nór scéadona ni géilleann aon rgoláipe anoir o'éactairb hengirt iñ hóillá agus dá leitíordiòibh o'éactriaròibh i reancáir na bheataime.

Acht 'n-a óriatò rím, ní ceajit a deajimad go mbionn bunaðar fíjunne iñ na rgéaltaibh seo do gnáth. Níorí cùm na filiðe rgéal ápi dtúiñ gan dealliam éigin do bheit aip — *nec fingunt omnia Cretæ* — cios go scuipteaí leir i riut na mbliadán, i dtlgeo ná haitneocairde é fá òeipead. B'olc an bair ápi tpi ná bheit úirrgéalta do'n trágaír rain cíuinnigte iñ meargta tpiú a cura reancáir. Ba cíomháitá é ná riabh file ná fáir le rinreapairb i mearg a daoinead, iñ nári móri aca a cail ná a glóir.

Iñ álainn an tions-briollac a cíuipieann Seatjún le n-a “Fóliur Fóra.” O teacht an taoia hengí anall cíugainn iñ riomhe, níorí gábh rof ná fuaimeas ná huíshuairi Sagrannaísh acht ag cuí riop bheagá iñ rgéalta

his mind filled with the learning of to-day, there is no doubt that he would set aside a good deal of them as not pertaining to true history. But he wrote “The Forus Feasa” almost 300 years ago, and it is not strange that so little doubt was cast on the truth of these events at that period. Such, too, is the case in other countries. There are many stories and wonders in Roman History which the Romans fully believed in the time of Virgil and Ovid, but which are only the romances of the poets. In the same way no scholar now believes in the exploits of Hengist and Horsa nor in such like wonders in the History of Britain.

At the same time it should be remembered that there is usually a substratum of truth in such stories. The poets did not originally invent a story without there being some appearance of reality in it. “The Cretans even do not invent all they say,”—though the tale is added to in the course of years, in such wise that one would not recognize it at last. It were not well for a country not to have romances of this kind amassed together and mingled with its history. It were a sign that there did not spring up for generations either a poet or a seer amongst her people, and that the people did not prize her honour and glory.

Geoffrey prefixes a splendid *Apologia* to his “Forus Feasa.” From the coming over to us of Henry the Second and previous to that date the English authors never ceased from writing lies and disgraceful calumnies

aitíche ari ari n-dúchtáir. **S**iojúrion do **B**árria, **S**táiníhuírt, **C**amden, **H**anmeri, ír an t-rieadh rám uile—ní ríath uata acht rinn do éuri fá éoir ari dtúig, ír ó t-eir rím oíche, rinn do mafsluigheas i rtáirtearib fallra. **A**gus rí ari **B**reacíann do baint rinn, ba bhléasúise ír ba taircainiúise do biondári 'ná ríam. **D**o éas **S**eaclún fúta 'ran dion-þrollac le ruinneamh ír le feirg. **D**o rtoil ré ari a céile an ríaméir mafsluigheas do éuri an **B**árriac 'n-a leabhar, níor fág ré ruinn do **S**táiníhuírt gan ríabao, ír t-riom é tuilliaing a Láimé ari **C**amden ír ari **S**penceri. **S**o deimhín ír geall le gairgíðeaс móri éigín é — le **C**oim **C**úláinn nó **A**icill — a cíuio aílim gléartha 'n-a Láim, éadaс pláta ó mullaс cinn do t-rioghtíb ari, ír é ag **S**abáil le díoglaír ír le dian-þeirig ari na daoinib beaga ro do ðeapáis éíteas i gcoinnib a dúchtáir, ír do mafsluig a mhuinnteari. **D**á mbeao ré ari maiitean i ndiu, t-ábhairfaо ré faobhar bata dor na feanácaróib atá anoir fá móri-þeas, ari **F**ionnáe ír ari **M**ac **A**mlaoim, ír ari **Hume**.

**A**deir ré 'n-a dion-þrollac :—

“ **N**í'l rtairiúde dá ríslíobann ari **É**irinn naс ag ríppiaró locta agus toibéime do t-ábhairt do **ßean-ßallaib** agus do **ßaeðealaib** bío; bío a fiaðnuire rím ari an teirft do **ßeiri** **C**ambriensis, **S**penceri, **S**táiníhuírt, **H**anmeri, **C**amden, **B**apclio, **M**orison, **D**abir, **C**ampion, agus gac nuað-**ßall** eile dá ríslíobann uirte ó ríom amac, ionnuig gurabé nór beagnaс an þriompolláin do **ßnío** ag ríslíobao ari **É**riúannaсaib . . . . ír é do **ßnío** cíomhaо ari **ßeapáis** fo-ðaoineas agus cailleac mbeag n-úir-íreál ari t-ábhairt mai-**ßnío** na n-uafal i n-dear-

about our country. Gerald Barry, Stanihurst, Camden, Hanmer and all that tribe only wanted to trample us under foot at first, and since that failed them, to insult us by fallacious histories, and when they took our land from us, they were more lying and insulting to us than ever. Geoffrey attacked them in the *Apologia*, with vigour and fury. He tore asunder the insulting rubbish Barry had put together in his book, he did not leave much of Stanihurst that he did not rend to bits, heavy is the weight of his hand falling on Camden and on Spenser. Indeed, he is like some great champion, like Cuchulainn or Achilles, his arms ready in his hands, clad in armour from head to foot, while he strikes down with zeal and fierce wrath those diminutive persons who gave false evidence against his country and who insulted his people.

Were he alive to-day he would belabour with his staff's edge the historians who are held at present in esteem, Froude, Macaulay and Hume. He says in the *Apologia* :—

“ There is no historian who treats of Ireland that does not endeavour to vilify and calumniate both the old English settlers and the native Irish. Of this we have proof in the accounts of Cambrensis, Spenser, Stanihurst, Hanmer, Camden, Barclay, Morrison, Davis, Campion, and every other English writer who has treated of this country since that time, so that when they write of the Irish, they appear to imitate the beetle . . . . This is what they do, they dwell upon the customs of the vulgar and the stories of old women, neglecting

mar, agus an mériod a baineasr iur na rean-Ísaeðealaib do b'i ag áitiusgád an oileáin seo jua ngsabáltais na rean-Ísail," 7c.

Is minic a goirtear an *hierosotus* *Ísaeðealaic* ari *Seachtúin*, agus iur neimhín guri móri a bfuil do éor-maireacáit eatoraita ariason. Tá caint *Seachtúin* deas, rímpliúde, miliú-bhriathraic, marí caint "Achári an tSeanchair." *Séanait* ariason baoth-focaill, neamh-bhrióisíomara, neamh-fairómeamhla, acht 'n-a n-ionad atá fuiinneamh i g-tátais i ngsac líne d'á rtáitíais. Cuirtear ariason ipteacáit na húili-rgéalta baineasr le n-a dtír, gian amhras do éuiri ari a bfuíonne. B'é *hierosotus* an céad rtáitíuise do éuiri reanáear na *Bréigear* i n-eagair iur i gceasainneasr, agus cirot guri b'fada 'n-a òir iur do rílínioibh fé, b'é *Céitínn* an céad reanáear do 'órluuis iur do éarlaitsiúd i gplaéit, iur i n-eagairi reanáear na ngsaeðeal. Do bain na filiúde — na *Bréigear* iur na *Románais* — a lán ari rtáitíais *hierosotus*, agus 'ran gcumha gceasóna tuis *Céitínn* innéasraí a nrochtain dois na filiúibh *Ísaeðealaic*, o'aois-agsán *Ua Raftaile*, do *Seagán Cláraic Mac Domhnaill*, iur o'eoigán *Rua*. Acht ní feicimíod ríosjlair i dtaoibh na fíonne, ná feairis éum namhao a tíre ari an ngsaeðeal. Bionn ré ciuin, ríocairi, réim i gcomhuriúde i meairg rtáiria iur úili-rgéil, et quidquid *Gracia mendax* audet in *historiis*, acht ní léigfeasr an *Ísaeðealaic* juainne do éarlait ná do éail a tíre le n-a deairis-namhao.

Obairi léigseanta, uimhín iur easa "Tlú *Bríopl-Ísaoit* an *Úair*," lán do gmuaintíb viaúda iur do maeátnamh fairóim-

the illustrious actions of the nobility and every thing relating to the old Irish who were the inhabitants of this Island before the English invasion."

Geoffrey has often been called the Irish Herodotus, and, indeed, both closely resemble one another. Geoffrey's style is pretty, simple, smooth and harmonious, like that of the Father of History. Both avoid turgid, feeble, unsubstantial words, but instead there is vigour and strength in every line of their narratives. Both insert the romances that pertain to their country, without raising a doubt as to their truth. Herodotus was the first historian who gave a regular methodical history of the Greeks, and, though he came long after, Keating was the first historian who regulated and arranged in proper order the history of the Gaels. The poets, both Greek and Roman, drew largely on the accounts of Herodotus, and in the same way Keating gave food enough to the Irish poets, to Egan ORahilly, to John Claragh MacDonnell and to Eoghan Ruadh. But we miss zeal for his country and rage against her enemies in the Greek. He is ever calm, gentle, steady in the midst of history and romance, "and whatever lying Greece has the courage to put in her histories." But the Irishman would not let a particle of his country's fame and right go undisputed with her inveterate foe.

"The Three Shafts of Death" is a deep, learned work, full of holy thoughts and of profound meditation on human life and on its end. He has drawn with

earmail ari an bheatharó daonna, iŋ ari a élioc. Iŋ ion-  
gantac ari tóis ré aŋ rean-uſdairiſ iŋ ař oibhreacaiſ  
na naomí, agus iř blaſta tá an obairi ari fad pojntte i  
leabhríaiſ agus i n-altaib. Aéit iŋ tpiom, Lardineamail  
an caint atá ann ó tóis go deiread, biond go bfuil ri  
laſta fuas annro iŋ angrúd le ríseal b eag ḡreanníarí  
mari an eactria raim ari "Mac Reccan."

Obairi an-léigeara i nuaðact iŋ i nófannaib na  
h eaglaise iř ead "Eocairi Sgiat an Aifjunn." Ni léir  
dúinn aon uſdair eilec uirtear an oirpead raim do t̄uairiſ  
ari neitib baineas leir an Aifhreann, com̄ beact, com̄  
cinnte r̄in i leabhar vā m̄eo. Aéit 'n-a t̄eannta raim,  
tá an caint com̄ r̄impliōe, com̄ ḡreanníta, com̄ binn,  
com̄ b̄iúoſm̄ari raim, gan baot-foclarib ná riárotib cartá  
gurí furiarste o' aoinneac é léigearo gur i n̄iu.

Ó am̄ri i ſéitinn anuas níor r̄ípiobhaó a lán do þr̄oř  
bunaðaſac. Do cuipead aóbairi eactriaroe le céile  
agus r̄ísealta ari ḡnionm̄aritaiſ atac, agus ni móri 'n-a  
t̄eannta raim. Do lusgeadairi na huſdairi ḡaeðealača  
ari rianna do m̄úrgait, iř ba m̄ilis, aoiþinn a gcuio ván  
iř am̄rián.



astonishing fullness on the old authors and on the works of the saints, and the entire work is neatly divided into books and sections. But from beginning to end, the style is heavy and Latin-like, though it is occasionally lit up with a humorous story like that of "Mae Reccan."

"The Key-Shield of the Mass" is a work of great learning in theology and in Church Ritual. We do not know any author who gives such a full account of the things that pertain to the Mass, so exact, so accurate in a book of its size. But in addition to this, the style is so simple, so delightful, so melodious, so forceful, without turgidity of words or entangled expressions, that anyone might easily read it even at the present day.

From Keating's time onward not much original prose was written. A number of adventures and stories about the exploits of giants was composed but very little more. Irish authors betook themselves to the composition of verse, and sweet and delightful were the poems and songs they composed.



an  $\tau$ -octimad  $\mathbf{h}$ -alt.

an naomhaó haois vreas agus 'n-a tóairí.

Ní mói do ríomhbað do phróir Shaeðealaic i gcaitreama nánaomádhaoirír déag. Bí an tipeam ag a piab neart é do ríomhbað raoctriac ag ait-ríomhbað leabair láinn-ríomhbaða i n-a piab phróir ír laoróte meargta tlié n-a céile. Ní piab acht fíor-beagán ag a piab neart an Shaeðealaic do léigeara, agus ní piab puinn Shaeðilge dá chloóbhuaala, i utpaeo ná piab fonn ari aoinne a chuir aimpriple do caiteam go neamh-ctiomail ag ríomhbað phróir bunaðarais. Do cimhealaic beagán Óapántar le céile ír iudairír beaga dá rathar, agus ní'l a tuilleaú le tairbeánaid agaunn do phróir bunaðarac i gcaitream an céad caoigaird do'n naomádhaoirír déag. Tugadair na daoinne ari fad, iompi léigeannta ír neamh-léigeannta, an Shaeðealaic rúar cum báir. An beagán ag a piab eolair ciminte uipiti, ír o'fearfhaid i do ríomhbað go blasta, níorí cimheatalair líne vó i nuaír a céile. Níorí cimhinnis aoinne aca ari feançar nó eactra nó ríseal grieann-mai do ríomhbað, gan obairi feallramhaícta do bac. Ní piab neart ag na daomáib a leitíordóe do léigeara, agus ná bhlídh rím níorí b'fhiu u'aoinne tabhairt fúta.

'San am gceáonta, a máe, bí lán-tuile vo ppiór bpeágs neamh-éoitíonn aip riubal i meágs na nuaointeád. Ní gsan locht vo bí an ppiór rain, go teimin, acht 'n-a óriaró fin, vo bainn a lán vo éáilib an ppióir i p feáipi le fagbáil

CHAPTER VIII.

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## THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER.

There was not much Irish prose written during the nineteenth century, or during most of the eighteenth. Those who were able to write it, were busy transcribing manuscripts in which prose and verse were mingled together. Only very few were able to read Irish, and there was not much printing of Irish matter, so that no one was inclined to spend his time fruitlessly in writing original prose. A few “Warrants” were composed, and little things of that kind, but we have nothing further to show in original prose during the first half of the nineteenth century. People in general, the learned as well as the unlearned, gave up Irish as lost. The few who were well versed in it and who could write perfectly, did not compose a line in it. None of them dreamt of writing a history, or a tale, or humorous story, not to speak of a philosophical work. The people were unable to read such things and for that reason it was not worth anyone’s while to undertake them.

During the same time, however, there was a great flood of beautiful, splendid prose in circulation amongst the people. That prose was not, indeed, without fault, but at the same time it possessed several of the good qualities of the best prose in the world. Many are the

’jan domhan leif. Ír iomána teacá ari fuaidh na gaejioic  
i n-a mbioib táinte oróche fada gaejírth ag éirteacáit go  
hionuimail le rsgéaltaib fionnuioeacáta ír le heacáit-  
jaióib dá fagair — rsgéalta ghláda ír gairid, éacáta vo  
jinnéadair aitairg ari muiri ír ari tí, rsgéalta coiméarcair  
ír iomriargála, rsgéalta oílaoiöeacáta ír geafrann.

Cia aca, vo rsgéaloib ari utúir na rsgéalta ro, nó  
iad d’aitjír, i utjíeo guríctangadair ari fad ó béal go béal,  
ír deairib go jaióib a lán díob i meoðan na haoíre gáib  
tájaimí, comh pleamáin, comh milír, comh roiléir, comh  
binn, comh ceolmáir, comh taicacaí leif an bpríor ír feáirí  
’jan oteangam fíancáit, agus ír dealljíamáic gurí  
baineaoib a lán dá nsgairbhar díob i miút na mbliadair le  
neairt ríorí-aitjíre. Do mótiúig an t-aitjíreoirí gurí cóní  
vo a rsgéal vo óéanam roiléir, ro-éisigte, gurí cóní vo  
annró ír annrúd a anal vo tájíamáig, ír fóir beag vo  
tábhairt vo’n luict éirteacáta, do mótiúig ré gurí tairbhe  
dó éacáit an rsgéil vo tábhairt uaró le déine ír le fua-  
neamí, agus a jaióib tiumaigméileacá, dochma ann d’aitjír  
le dólár ír le comháitairiib catuigte, ír níorí b’iongnaidh  
go bfaighdáib gacáitjíreoirí an rsgéal ó’n té tairisig júimé,  
atájíamáigte beagán éigín annró ír annrúd, aít go  
mbeaoib ré níor fuaíte, níor binne, níor bpríosgáirí.

Níorí b’annam fóir gurí b’oiráideoíri neamh-cóitcianann  
an t-aitjíreoirí féin, ír go jaióib ré lán-oilte inír na  
clearaib le n-a gcuimteoirí deoíra le fúilib daonna, ír  
múrcailteoirí ornáidh ír álaó i láí cíoríóche, agus ír minic  
vo éiníj ré an luict éirteacáta ag cíut le anfaoib, nó ag

houses throughout the country in which crowds were assembled during the long winter nights, listening eagerly to Fenian Tales and to stories of the same kind, stories of love and heroism, exploits performed by giants on land and on sea, stories of conflict and wrestling, stories of magic and of *geasa*.

Whether the stories were written down at the first, or recited so that they passed on from mouth to mouth, it is certain that many of them were, at the middle of the last century, as smooth, as sweet, as clear, as harmonious, as musical, as substantial as the best prose to be found in the French Language, and it is likely that a great deal of their roughness was eliminated in the course of years by constant repetition. The reciter felt that it behoved him to make his story clear and intelligible, that it behoved him here and there to draw his breath and to give a little rest to his hearers, that it would be advantageous for him to deliver the tragic occurrences, in the story with vigour, and to narrate what was pathetic and sad in it with sorrow and signs of emotion, and it was not surprising that each reciter should get the story from him who preceded him somewhat changed here and there, but better constructed, more melodious and more forceful.

Often, too, the reciter himself was an orator of uncommon powers and was fully versed in the artifices by which human eyes are made to pour out tears, and groans and pains are excited in human hearts, and often did he cause his hearers to tremble with fear or to

gol le buairítear le n-a féacáint, is le fuaim a gorta. Agur fóir, do toghaod cum aitír is géalta rímpliðe, ná phairb rió-éartha ná do-éigste, géalta gan mórián mion-éactha ag dul tríóta. Géalta do b'eað iad do'n trághar ro: do toghaod gairfíðeac éigín, is do cuipead tré éacthaib iongantaca é; is minic do b'eoð ré i dteanntaib éaga; is minic i nolúit-éomíneargári le hatac úili-ériána, nó fá órlaorídeac, nó fá gheara loé do éaoíghað, nó bean éigín do b'í ari fán do fólatári. Is minic do éaghað óg-bean uifual do b'eoð i ngráð leir, cum cabhrúigste leir. B'í epiúc na neitead reo go léiri gur cuipead ari riubal i mearg na nuaomead bolg móri þróir nári buairídead riom ari ari roiléipeac is ari binnear. Aonúigsteari anoir go coitcianann ná fuil leitíeo filiöeactha na haimriple reo ari binnear le fagbáil, aét is minic a óeapimártarí go b'fuil an þróir 'n-a fliðri' féin com binn, com blasta leir an b'filiðeac. Ní'l amhras ná go b'fuil Gólofimíth ari na húsgaíriab is roiléipe le fagbáil i mBéapila, agur ná fuil ré gan milpeac is blar. Tá a lán dor na géaltaib dá utagriaim com roiléip le þróir Gólofimíth, agur a gcaint i b'fad níor binne is níor ceolmaipe ná a caint fin.

Do cuipead beagán beag dor na géaltaib ari a utriáctaim i gcloð le Þáriairg Ua Laoighaire agur beagán eile le Dubhlár de hÍde, agur féadfarí an léigsteoirí a mear féin do éabairt ari a roiléipeac is ari a milpeac.

Is riopi go veimin ná fuil 'fan uiri-móri aét géalta ag riut i mearg na nuaomead utuatae, agur go b'fuil a lán vioð ari b'fíðeac go leorí. Aét ari uaijuð tá mianac v'ínpene b'fíðeac is o'fóillriusgáð lonnriac ag gábháil tríóta. Aét cibé méad a loct mairi géaltaib, is

cry with grief by his very look and the sound of his voice. And further, there were selected for recital, simple stories which were neither too intricate nor too hard to understand, stories without many episodes, or by-plots running through them. They were stories of this sort: a hero was selected and put through wonderful feats; often he is at the point of death, often in close conflict with a hideous giant, or under the spell of magic, or under *geasa* to drain a lake or to fetch some lady who had strayed. Often a fair young lady who loved him came to help him. It resulted from all these circumstances, that there was put in circulation amongst the people a large repertory of prose which has never been surpassed in clearness and harmony. It is now generally admitted that the poetry of this period is unsurpassed in harmony, but it is often forgotten that the prose is in its own way as harmonious, as perfect as the poetry. There is no doubt that Goldsmith is one of the clearest writers of English, and that he is not without sweetness and propriety. Many of the stories to which we refer are as clear as Goldsmith's prose, and their style far more harmonious and musical than his.

A few of the stories to which I allude were printed by Patrick O'Leary and a few more by Douglas Hyde, and the reader can form his own judgment of their clearness and sweetness.

It is true, indeed, that the greater part of them are only folk tales circulating in country districts, and that many of them are ridiculous enough. But occasionally there is a vein of forceful eloquence and of brilliant description running through them. But whatever fault

fiu iad aige mairt do chabairt d'oiib ari ron a foileireachta if a mbinni.

Níl aon locht ari phróir if meara ná caint rió-móri agus na rmuainte bhriac, neimh-bhriosmári. Níl an locht fain le fagbáil ari na gsealtaithe seo. Tá an caint if na rmuainte oibre amháin. Anoir if ari, gan amhras, tá gaoat do bhriacraib i nuaistí a céile, do phéirí dhoicníor fean-uighearráitíte gan puinn bhriog ná tatais ionnta. Acht níl inif na paistíríib seo, acht fé marí beartas cíuinn-piughaib do éarriaisgeacáib tuigteamhla do chagann annro if annrúid iomáin ghuinéadach bionn ag phróid-fíleasád ó bhriac pléibhe. Ní móri a bhrúil do phróir foileíri, binn, miliúr-bhriac 'fan mbéarla. Tá an éirír if mó d'eitriom, neimh-cheolmári, do-chuigte. Ní marí rín do'n phróir Fhianncáac. Tá a lán vé binn, miliúr, if comh foileíri leir an ngriéin, agus na rmuainte círte a gceann a céile ann go hóigruiigte pláctmári. Níl uainn féin i otoirí na haoise seo cum nuach-phróir do abairtiusgád acht rmuainte árda, neamh-choitcianna do phnáitómeasád leir an foileireachta if leir an binnear atá le phinsearlaib marí d'útcar againn, agus atá le fagbáil go plúipheac inif na gsealtaithe do chleacáití ari n-aistíreacáa ór na ciantair.

1. Jut an céad éadair do'n naomhaid haoif véas do minneadó airítmusgád go Saeoilis ari beagán do leabharraibh viaidá ó'n mbéarla if ó'n Láirion. Níl amhras guri b'í an ceann if feárrí díobh ro an t-airítmusgád ari "Imitatio Chirist," do minne an tAchtair Domhnall Ua Súilleabáin, timcheall na bliana 1822. 1r doisg linn féin go bhrúil an obairí seo ari na hainítmusgád if feárrí do minneadó ari leabhar A Ceimpis muamh, agus if iomána teangea i n-a bhrúil ré le fagbáil. Ba deacair an obairí i, óili b'í a lán do bhriacraib if do pháirtíib 'fan

they may have as stories, they deserve much attention for the sake of their clearness and harmony.

There is no greater fault in prose, than bombastic language, with mean, trifling ideas. This fault is not to be found in these stories. The style suits the ideas. Now and then, indeed, there is a host of words marshalled one after the other according to the bad habit of certain old authors, without much force or substance beneath them. But these passages are like a collection of massive rocks that come here and there before a headlong stream, flowing freely from a mountain's brow. There is not much clear, harmonious prose in English. The greater part of English prose is heavy, harsh, and hard to understand. Not so with French prose. Much of it is sweet and harmonious and as clear as the sun, while the thoughts are marshalled in it in due order and propriety. In the beginning of this century, if we wish to bring new prose to maturity, it only remains for us to wed high, noble thoughts to the clearness and harmony that we have inherited for generations, and which are to be found abundantly in the stories our ancestors cherished for ages.

In the course of the first half of the nineteenth century a few pious books were translated into Irish from English and from Latin. Certainly the best of these is the translation of "The Imitation of Christ," which Father Daniel O'Sullivan made about the year 1822. It seems to us that this work is one of the best translations ever made of à Kempis's book, and many are the languages in which it is found. The work was a difficult one, as there were sayings and words in the Latin original that were not to be found in the people's

Láirín ná riaib i mbéal na nuaimeadó le fada, i f nári b'fusíjurte d'fagbáil ari leabhríai.

Ní ceapit dúninn deaipimad do déanam ari Seagán Mac Éil, Árd-eagbog Túama. Do júnne an peapí oifí-deaipí rian airtíusgád blasta ari an "Pentateuchon," i., na círge leabhrí atá i bpríori-chorá an tSeán-Tairbeánaid. I f mórí an tluaití nári léig ré d'Ua Mórrá i f do hÓmear, i f airtíusgád do déanam ari an Sgúibinn Diaid ari fad.

Ní dóisg linn gupi fsgíobád aon phróir i f riú d'áiríeadh ó obairi Ó Domhnaill Uí Shúilleabáin gupi cuimhead ari bun "Iúrleabhar na Gaeóilge," ór cionn píce bliadán ó foin.

Do júnne "Cumann buan-coiméadta na Gaeóilge" a lán éum an Gaeódealg do múnád in i na fgoileannaib, agus éum i do chupi ari aghairí le neapit céad-leabhríán rímplíodh. Acht ní riaib mórián le fagbáil ari a riaib fonn Gaeódealg do fsgíobád. Ba deacairi Seagán Pléimion féin do meallaíodh éum leatanaíc phróir i do chupi le céile—cioo gupi blasta, bhlíosgáirí i a caint.

Do éait Conníacó na Gaeóilge torac a faoihsail ag caimhírt i f ag fuisíre le namádairí na teangan uí, i f ní riaib uain aca ari fuirobh phróir i f maectnáim ari obairi litriúseacá. Do bhi aon peann amáin, amáe, ari peadó na haimpíre seo ná riaib díomhaom. Tá caint an Achtári peadarí Ua Laoighaire comh pleannáin, comh milír, comh bhlíosgáirí i f tá ri le fagbáil i n-aon tríáit d'ári feanáir. Tá phróir foiléirí, milír, gheannáin in i na mion-leabhríair atá cuimhe amáe ó n-a láim, agus ní fhor vó fóir, ór deaipí go bpríul jún a béal 'ra lán do'n Gaeóilg atá le feicirint gac aon tréacáin in i na páipéaríai. Feapí aigeantaíc fsgléipeac, neimh-ppleádach i f eaod an tAchtári peadarí. Tá aon locht amáin agaínn le fagbáil ari a éirí oibre. Sgúibann fé iomarca le hagairí an

language for a long time back and which it was difficult to get in books.

We must not forget John Mac Hale, Archbishop of Tuam. That distinguished man made an excellent translation of "The Pentateuch" that is the five first books of the Old Testament. It is a pity that he meddled with Moore or Homer, and did not instead, translate the entire Bible.

We do not think any prose worth referring to was written since Daniel O'Sullivan's work until the *Gaelic Journal* was started more than twenty years ago. The Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language did a great deal to get Irish taught in the schools, and to forward it by simple elementary books, but not many were to be found who were anxious to write Irish. It was hard to induce even John Fleming to put a page of prose together, although his style was beautiful and forceful.

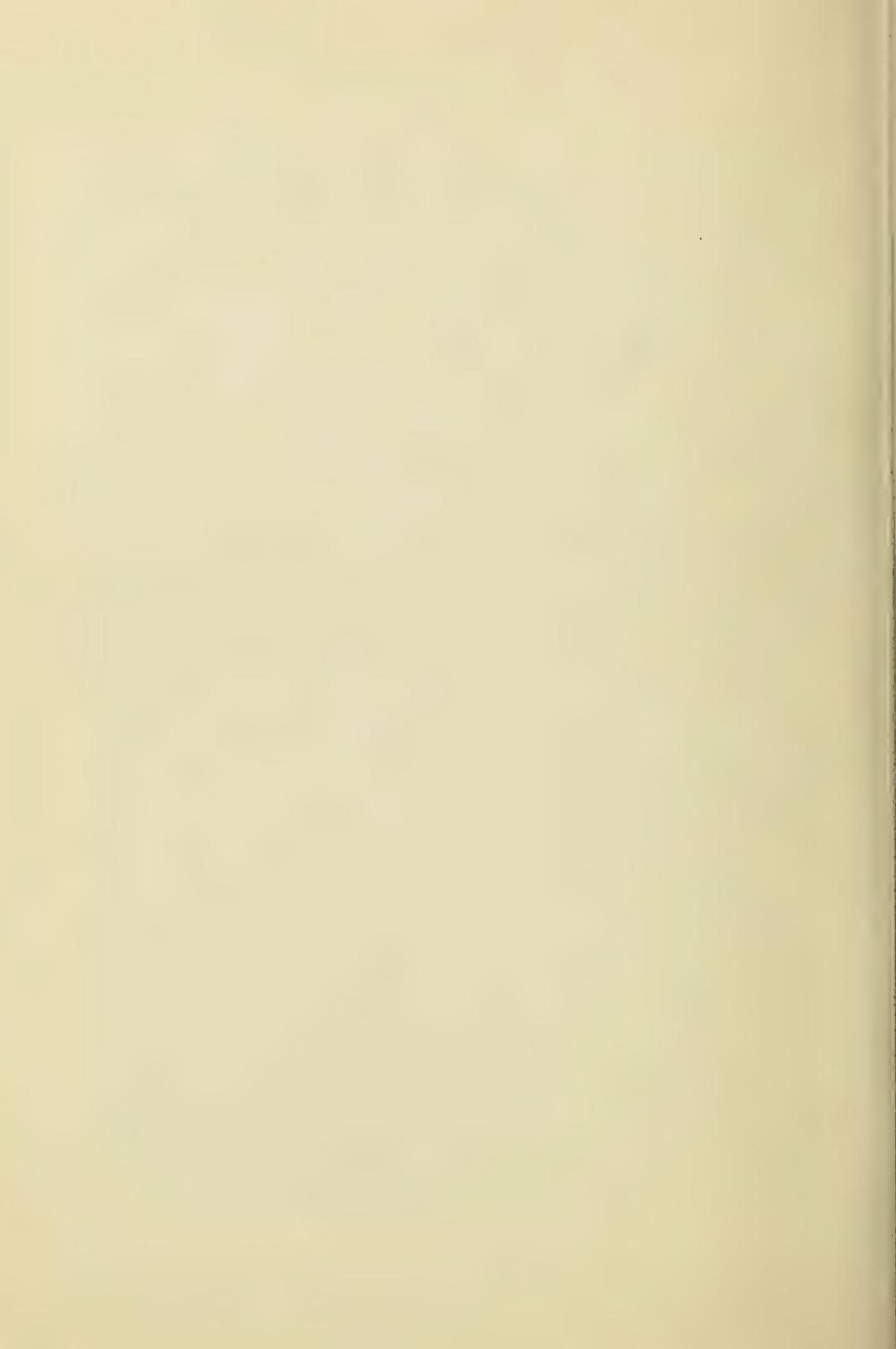
The Gaelic League spent the beginning of its life struggling and contending with the enemies of that tongue, and its members had not time to sit down and think out literary work. There was one pen, however, which during that time was not idle. Father Peter O'Leary's style is as smooth, as harmonious and as forceful as any to be found at any period of our history. The little books he has produced, contain clear, melodious, beautiful prose. And he is not yet going to desist, as his style is plainly to be seen in much of the Irish that is to be found in the weekly papers. Father Peter is an intellectual, humorous, independent man. We have one fault to find with his work. He writes

aoír fósglumta, iŋ baineann an níō rín an r̄t̄l̄ur iŋ an tāt̄ac ař a čuio p̄p̄oír. Tá rúl agaínn rul a r̄gáip̄am leir go dtab̄hiaiō r̄é obairi éigín vúinn ná beró lán do p̄áiröt̄ib̄ cāsta, aři ron na r̄goláip̄iō, ačt̄ obairi čuip̄peař áčař iŋ móřdáil aři f̄íorí-Šaeđilgeoiřiōib̄.

Le teáct na nuađ-aor̄e, ařnač, táid na r̄gamaill ag r̄gáipeađ. Tá lučt̄ léigte na Šaeđilge ag dul i mb̄ieir agus iŋ deacairi iad do f̄áram; ní čeirdeann gáč aon p̄áiméir r̄íor̄ leo mar̄ ba ḡnátcáč tamall ó r̄oin. Táid oib̄ieacá na r̄ean-uđvaři go bliadainteamail vá scupi ařnač, iŋ cuiip̄riō an níō rín r̄p̄ionnađ aři an aor̄ óg čum a ḡcéimeann do leanamáin. Tá an ḫrámá Šaeđealač 'nápi mear̄s agus glaođač aři. Tá glaođač leir aři p̄p̄oř Šaeđealač 'r̄na páip̄eap̄aiō laečeamila iŋ r̄eáctmaineamila, agus ní fuláip̄ do'n ařie tuigtař anoir̄ do Šaeđilz iŋ na r̄goileannaiō a čupi ḫřiačaiō aři uđvařaiō leab̄airi beac̄ta, břiiođmářa, milř-řiiačjača do čab̄airit uača. Atá óg-uđvaři, leir, óř na cřiočaiō i n-a břuřl an Šaeđealz p̄oř 'n-a tuile, vá ḫtařbeánađ féin ó bliadain go bliadain. Ní ḫéantap̄i deajimao aři óřáideac̄t, leir, mar̄ iŋ p̄p̄oř óřáideac̄t gupi móř iŋ r̄iu é, agus ó ciúinížeao an ḡut̄ Šaeđealač aři an allt̄oir̄ iŋ břónač mar̄ do r̄inneao faillige óř. Le r̄ava r̄iam, r̄aiříor̄! tá an óřáideac̄t ēřieannač aři r̄ad nač móř i mb̄éap̄ila, ačt̄ le cúpla bliadán tá ačap̄iřuđađ ag teáct aři an r̄aořal. Iř féidíři anoir̄ óřáid blipta Šaeđealač do člořint annjo iŋ annřúo, agus do r̄éip̄i gáč dealljař, ní r̄ava berdeam ag r̄iteam le r̄éim óřáideac̄ta i n-Šaeđilz, iřiř viađa iř r̄aořalta, aři a mbeřo mear̄ ag an ḫořan uile, iř náři mřste a čupi i ḡcomóřitaf̄ le hóřáideac̄t na břianncač iŋ na n-điřeřeac̄.

too much for the use of students, and that circumstance takes the force and virtue out of his prose. We trust before he has done that he will publish some work, such as will not be crammed with cross-idioms for the sake of scholars, but a work such as will be a source of joy and pride to true Irish readers.

At the setting in of the new century the clouds are breaking. The readers of Irish are increasing in number, and it is becoming more difficult to satisfy them. Every rubbish will not content them as was the case some time ago. The works of the older writers are yearly being published and this will inspire the young with enthusiasm to follow in their footsteps. The Irish drama has come amongst us and there is demand for it. There is also demand for Irish prose in the daily and weekly papers, and, further, the attention now paid to Irish in the schools, will constrain writers to produce accurate, substantial, smoothly written works. Youthful authors, too, from those districts where there is yet a flood of Irish, are beginning to put in an appearance from year to year. Oratory, also, is not neglected, for oratory is a very valuable kind of prose, and since the Irish voice was hushed in the pulpit, it has fallen into sad neglect. Alas ! the oratory of Ireland has now for a long period been entirely in English. But within the past few years there has come a change on the face of things. One can now hear a splendid Irish speech here and there, and in all likelihood we shall not long have to wait for a school of Irish oratory, both religious and secular, which the world will respect and which will bear comparison with the oratory of France and of Greece.



## FOCLÓIR.

(*Contractions* :—*m.* = masculine; *f.*, feminine; *gs.*, genitive singular; *pl.*, plural, &c.)

ácfumineadh, vigorous.

ádnad, *m.*, a lighting up, a kindling; *teine* ádnad, a kindling fire.

áðbær, *m.*, a number, quantity (chiefly used in Munster in this sense):  
áðbær beag, a small number.

áð, *m.*, prosperity, luck, fate (more usually written áð).

áisbéiseadh, strange, extraordinary.

áinleas, *m.*, misfortune (áin negative); *dui* ar a áinleas, to go on the path of misfortune.

áinseal róimh-áinméadta, *m.*, a guardian angel.

áir, *f.*, a direction, point of the compass, district.

áir, *in phrase*, le hain, beside, near. At page 21, line 3, *for* to Dublin, *read* beside Dublin.

áitriúgim, I change; hence, change from one language to another, translate.

áitcím, I beg, beseech, clamour for.

áiteamh, act of persuading or convincing (used with ar).

áitear, *m.*, delight.

áinéad, however, nevertheless.

áimar, *m.*, an attempt (to strike), a hostile attack.

áinál, *f.*, a breath, breathing; áinál do tórraing, to pause.

áinród, *m.*, hardship turmoil.

áorígeadct, *f.*, abode, lodging, hospitality.

áon-ám, *m.*, one and the same time; *o'áon* am (*pronounced* óe n-am). of set purpose; *o'áon* gnó is used in a similar sense.

áom-fear, one-man; comhac áomfír, a duel, a single combat.

áontuigim, I harmonize.

áontuigád, *m.*, a conspiring together, a league.

áit, *m.*, a ford; áit áit éigin le fagbáil ar aoiße, Aoife is in some way easy to deal with; some kindness remains to her.

áitárrusgád, *m.*, change, transformation.

áitcárpt, *f.*, act of beseeching.

báit, *f.*, friendship; ní théadáit báit a gcomh-úaltácais i bhrúaire, the affection cherished in their fosterage did not grow cold.

bainnír, *f.*, a wedding feast.

baot-glór, *m.*, empty boasting, idle prating.

baigéam, I wound, destroy.

bean, *f.*, a woman. In phrase iomr feap agur bean, both men and women, bean is not declined.

bean čaointe, *f.*, a lamenting woman, a professional keener.  
 beipim (with  $\Delta\bar{p}$ ) signifies I seize hold of ; *also*, I overtake.  
 beo-milleas, *m.*, a living ruin.  
 břatam, I judge, consider, expect.  
 břig, *f.*, strength, essence ;  $\tau\acute{a}$  břig  $\tau\bar{m}$ , from the virtue of that, therefore, owing to that.  
 břugas-čporie, *m.*, heart-felt regret.  
 buadach, victorious.  
 buad-řocal, *m.*, an epithet, an adjective,  
 buailim, I strike (as with a stick) ; *also*, I strike (across the country), with um, I strike upon, meet.  
 buan-čomrac, *m.*, a prolonged quarrel.  
 europeam, *m.*, acquaintance, familiarity.  
 cail, *f.*, appearance, quality, characteristic.  
 caint, *f.*, talk ; style, mode of expression.  
 carpa, entangled, twisted (of style).  
 ceann, *m.*, a chief ; ceann սրբար, a general of an army.  
 ceapam, I conceive, plan.  
 ceap məgai, *m.*, a laughing-stock (ceap, a block ; məgai, ridicule).  
 ceaptact, *f.*, correctness (ceapt, right) ; ceaptact párite, propriety of words or expression.  
 ciallingim, I signify.  
 cleactam, I practise (make a practice or habit of), *and therefore*, I habituate myself to.  
 cloe-bun, *m.*, a foundation.  
 cluictim, I hunt.  
 cneaptact, *f.*, gentleness.  
 cočal (cočall) *m.*, *primarily* means a hood, a magic dress ; *and figuratively*, enthusiasm for a thing ; cuip cočal opt fén čuige  $\tau\bar{m}$ , be in earnest about that thing ; get enthusiastic over it.  
 comitigteac, wild, strange, foreign.  
 coinne, *m.*, a meeting, a reunion.  
 com-đalta, *m.*, one of a family of foster-children, a foster-brother.  
 com-đaltacar, *m.*, fellow-fosterage.  
 comgapačt, *f.*, vicinity (com and gap), i gcomgapačt vo, in the neighbourhood of.  
 comóptar, *m.*, comparison.  
 complačt, *m.*, a company, a band of followers.  
 comēpomact, *f.*, equal weight, justice.  
 cor-éadtröm, light-footed.

coṁalačt, *f.*, likeness, comparison ; *map coṁalačt*, as a representation (of, *vo*).

cpaoþrgaoilim, I explain (cpaoþ and rgaoilim, I separate).

cpam, *m.*, a staff, cpam bægair, a staff to threaten with.

cpioþtunþeac̄t, *f.*, christianity.

cpoðačt, *f.*, valour.

cpoře-láp, *m.*, the very centre.

cpomic, *f.*, a record, a chronicle.

cpuaſt-čeif̄t, *f.*, a vexed problem, a difficulty.

cuipim, I put, place, set ; *with ríor and aþ*, I describe : *cup ríor aþ mairē to ban*, describe the beauty of women.

cuimhangračt, *f.*, a limited space, press, closeness, difficulty ; *1 gcoimhangračt coimeargair*, in the press of fight.

cuimra, sweet-scented, fragrant.

cup iþteac̄, interference with, influence over (*aþ*) ; *gan cup iþteac̄ aþ le rmačt*, without its being influenced by oppression.

ðaíl, *f.*, a meeting ; *1 noáil a céile*, meeting one another.

ðaonna, relating to a human being, human.

ðaor-þruto, *f.*, slavery, bondage.

ðárač, bold, fearless ; *more usually ðáračtac̄*.

ðatamlačt, *f.*, brilliancy, beauty (*ðat*, colour), *ðatamlačt foillričtē*, brilliancy of description.

ðeag-aiþeantac̄, fair-minded.

ðeag-þéař, *m.*, a good habit ; *in pl.* polished manners.

ðeallþamac̄, having the appearance of probability, probable, likely.

ðeapþuigim I assert (solemnly, as a witness) ; *vo ðeapþuig éiþeac̄*, who gave false testimony.

ðeapþ-þárač, *m.*, a barren desert (*ðeapþ* is intensitive).

ðeapþca, polished, fine, elegant.

ðeipþiþeac̄t, *f.*, a difference (often spelled *ðeitþiþeac̄t*).

ðeim, in *phrase* þá ðeim, towards (after verbs of motion).

ðiauðačt, *f.*, theology.

ðiožrair, *f.*, zeal.

ðion, *m.*, shelter, cover ; þá ðion na rpéirē, under the cover of the sky, *i.e.*, in the open air.

ðlúč-þoimeargair, *m.*, close combat.

ðočam, *f.*, sufficiency ; *go břuul ðočam . . . . ann*, in which there is a sufficiency *or* enough.

ðrámá, *m.*, drama, play.

ðroč-aiþnead̄, *m.*, ill-will,

ὅρος-έλαοντα, *m. pl.*, evil passions (rarely used in singular, as a substantive).  
 ὅρος-ματέαρ, *m.*, used in the positive sense of mischief or misdoing.  
 ὅραοιδεαῖτ, *f.*, enchantment, magic, spell, wizardry.  
 ὅρων, the back; in phrase τά ὅρων γιν, for that reason, on that account.  
 δυσφόροντα, sad, sorrowful.  
 τύλ, *f.*, longing, desire; τύλ ερωτέ, a heart-felt longing or aspiration.  
 τύλ, *m.*, means, opportunity; γαν τύλ ας πάρτε βρειτ αῖρ, no child.  
     being permitted to handle it.  
 ἔοιτ, *m.*, a great or heroic event, an episode.  
 εσγνάῖτ, *f.*, wisdom, prudence.  
 εἰγίμ, I call out, shout, cry.  
 εἰτεαῖ, *m.*, a falsehood, perjury,  
 πόρ, *m.*, a growth; πόρ να χαον οτόκε, a mushroom.  
 πειρτεαῖ, *m.*, a banquet.  
 πιοκήαιρεαῖ, *f.*, rage, cruelty.  
 πιορέαοι, hearty; an epithet of πάιτε, welcome.  
 πιν, even; in such phrases as, πιν α φέασαιτ, even his look.  
 πόνωντε, founded, established (on, ἀπ).  
 πόγραο, *m.*, proclamation, advertisement.  
 ποιληρίγιμ, I display, describe, illustrate.  
 ποιρβέ, aged, having the effects of age (pronounced ποιργέ).  
 πονη, *m.*, desire, liking; νι παιβ ρέ τ' φον οφέα, they had no inclination.  
 πυαρο, in phrase, ἀπ πυαρο, also. ἀπ πυο, throughout.  
 πυαταιμ, I hate, detest.  
 πυιληαῖ, bloody.  
 πυιννεαῖ, vigorous.  
 πυнте, kneaded, hence, worked up, put together (as a poem).  
 πυире, contention with (le), friction, pressure.  
 πулайп, in phrase νи πулайп τүнн, we must.  
 гаbаo, *m.*, want, need; нiоp гаbаo түнiб, they had no need.  
 гaримим, I call; with ἀπ, I name.  
 гaлaн, *m.*, a stone said to have been cast or hurled by giants; a "galán."  
 гeал-аðaрcaæ, white-horned.  
 гeall, *m.*, a promise, pledge; in phrase, ιf гeall le ὅραοιδεαῖτ, it is  
     the same as, or, like magic.  
 гear, *f.*, obligation; гeara were conditions and obligations which must  
     be carried out and discharged under pain of evil, or at best, unpleasant  
     consequences in case of failure; бi ρé τo гearaib αῖρ, he was under  
     obligations or гeasa.  
 гleacarðe, *m.*, a combatant, fighter.  
 горн-бруаæ, *m.*, a green margin.

iappaéct, *m.*, an attempt ; *do éugadap iappaéct*, they made an attempt.  
 ionáigéact, *f.*, imaginativeness, imagery.  
 ionáiné, *m.*, a hurler.  
 ionéapaim, I bear ; *with reflex. pronouns mé féin, &c.*, I comport myself, I behave.  
 ionpargáil, *f.*, wrestling.  
 ionuimail, eager, attentive.  
 Laoimeamail, Latin-like.  
 Laoéaf, *m.*, heroism.  
 Laoépa, a band of heroes, *a collective noun* ; Laoé, *a single hero*.  
 Lápmail, full of fire, blazing, brilliant.  
 Leacuigéte, flagged over (leac, a flagstone), entombed, buried, embedded.  
 Leat, *f.*, side, part, direction ; *fá leit*, aside, apart ; *atá ré leif féin fá leit*, it stands alone.  
 Leat-taoib, *f.*, a side, direction ; *í leat-taoib*, aside.  
 Léip-ghoib, *f.*, extensive theft, plunder..  
 Léip-maire, *f.*, brilliant beauty.  
 Léip-milleag, *m.*, complete destruction.  
 Lioiméa, polished, adorned.  
 Lonnraéct, *f.*, a flashing brilliancy.  
 Lonnraó, *m.*, a shining, brilliancy, effulgence.  
 Luargaim, I swing, rock ; *do luargád*, being rocked.  
 macgníomhaé, *pl.* of macgníom, a youthful or boyish exploit.  
 mall-céimeac, of slow and stately gait.  
 meadair, *m.*, metre (Latin metrum).  
 mi-éneartac, *f.*, offensiveness.  
 mianac, *m.*, a vein ; *mianac d'ingne bhríoghaíar*, a vein of vigorous eloquence.  
 míngim, I reduce to a fine state, smooth out (*difficulties*), explain.  
 mio-nádúr, *m.*, unnaturalness.  
 mio-náireac, bold, audacious, stubborn.  
 mioircair, *f.*, ill-will, malice.  
 mion-éac, *m.*, an episode in a narrative, a bye-plot.  
 moð, *m.*, manner, fashion ; *moð foillriécte*, style of description.  
 móir-bolg, *m.*, a large miscellany (*of stories, &c.*)  
 móir-chróisídeac, *f.*, great-heartedness.  
 munntearðar, *m.*, friendship.  
 murgait, *f.*, act of composing as verses (*literally act of awakening*).  
 nac móir, almost.  
 nádúr, according to nature, natural.  
 neamh-égnádá, unusual, out of the common, exceeding.

neamh-ripleadach, independent, uncompromising,  
neamh-choramhail, unprofitable.

nuaitheasgar, *m.*, a new or modern setting.

oileim, I train up, education; do hoileas le sgatadh, who were trained up under Scathach.

oibreannadh, suitable, fitting, adopted to.

oratoeacht, *f.*, oratory.

oratoeoir, *m.*, an orator.

paganach, non-christian, pagan.

pleir, *m.*, act of struggling against.

progr, *m.*, prose, a word derived from the Latin, and of well-established use in Irish. *Caint* rgurta is used in the same sense; it is opposed to what is arranged according to metre.

puinn, *m.*, much, used with negative; ni puinn, not much, little or nothing (It is an error to take puinn as equivalent to point, jot.)

naiméir, *f.*, rhapsody rubbish.

néid-bán, *m.*, a level plain.

riathraeacht, *f.*, richness. neart i griathraeacht ionáigheachta, abundance and wealth of imagery,

rianaighán, *m.*, a glossary, a vocabulary.

riar, free, liberated; riar ar Chonchubhar, free from Conchubhar.

riar-éneartacht, *f.*, great gentleness of spirit.

riarugadh, *m.*, excelling, overcoming. ni'l a riarugadh le fagbáil, they are unsurpassed.

rean-cuimhne, *m.*, a tradition, reminiscence.

rean-fotrae, *m.*, an old ruin.

rean-uðraer, *m.*, an ancient author.

rgéalurde, *m.*, a story-teller.

rgurta, loose, unbound. *Caint* rgurta, prose, as distinguished from verse, which is bound up into lines and verses by metrical laws.

rlaethingé, adorned, finished off.

rnáit, *m.*, thread; rnáit a fadaigh, the thread of his life.

rof, *m.*, rest, cessation; ni rof doibh fóir, they are not yet extinct.

rrapár, *m.*, a period, limit of time.

rréimeathlaet, *f.*, loveliness.

rréir, *f.*, heed, care; ná cuimheann ré rréir innté, that he heeds her not, is not interested in her.

rrhíocaim, 1 surrender, submit.

táim, *f.*, a flock, a spoil, a plunder; fig., a story of spoil or plunder.

tairfe, *f.*, rest, quiet; níor tairfe o' Aoife, Aoife had not rest, did not rest content.

## CORRIGENDA IN TEXT.

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Page 2, line 1.—For *is scoitcian* read *is scoitcinne*.

„ „ 7.—For *oiráid* read *óiráid*.

Page 4, line 3.—For *is scoitcian* read *is scoitcinne*.

„ „ 25.—For *rtáirteib* read *rtarreteib*.

Page 6, line 3.—For *neairbair* *leabhair* *gc.*, the more modern usage is *neairbann* *leabhair*, *gc.*

„ „ 23.—For *cíona* read *cíonna*.

Page 8, line 12.—For *n-úr-rgéaltai* read *úr húr-rgéaltai*.

„ „ 13.—For *ullamá* read *ullam*.

„ „ 26.—For *ní san* *rgiat* *is* *sa* *a* *bí* *is* *scimhur* read *ní* *bí* *muam* *san* *rgiat* *is* *sa*.

Page 12, line 7.—For *meanmaé* read *meanmnaé*.

„ „ 9.—For *rtáir* read *rtair*.

„ „ 16.—For *tógsáit* read *togsait*.

„ „ 18 and 24.—For *ionnan* read *ionann*.

„ „ 22.—For *rtáirteib* read *rtarreteib*.

Page 14, line 3.—For *tógsáit* read *togsait*.

„ „ 5 and 6.—For *áet* *cuir* *is* *scuirne* read *éuit* *is* *scuirne*, *amáé*.

Page 16, line 7.—For *ónnuasó*- *real* *ó'n* *nuasó*-.

„ „ 8.—For *sun* *is* *ip*.

„ „ 14.—Insert *é* after *feabhair*.

„ „ 20 and 22.—For *tógsáit* *real* *togsait*.

„ „ 24.—For *is* *n-ap* *éuairó* read *is* *n-a* *nueacairó*.

Page 18, line 1.—For *tógsáit* read *togsait*.

„ „ 2.—For *ionnan* read *ionann*.

Page 20, line 6.—For *meairbair* read *mealbhail*.

„ „ 9.—For *taingeana* read *taingne*.

Page 22, line 16.—For *sun* *éuileadair* *na* *véite*, *gc.*, the more modern usage is *sun* *éuit* *na* *véite*, *gc.*

Page 26, line 11.—After *ανηρο* insert *έ*um.

„ „ 13.—For *μεανμάς* read *μεανμνάς*.

„ „ 15.—For *έσιπτιρζαιη* read *coιπέαρζαιη*.

„ „ 23.—For *τοξαό* read *τόξαό*.

Page 28, line 15.—For *coιμεαρζαιη* read *coιπέαρζαιη*.

„ „ 16.—For *τα* read *θα*.

Page 30, line 27.—After *ριοη-έλέτας* insert *ιατο*.

Page 32, lines 9 and 10.—For *αη* *ιη* *ρεάρη* *α* *θρυιη* *αιτη* read *ιη* *ρεάρη* *ζο* *θρυιη* *εοταρ* *οητα*.

„ line 10.—For *τόξαιη* read *τοξαιη*.

„ „ 19.—For *μι-νάσηη* read *μι-νάσνηη*.

Page 34, line 28.—For *ρτάηη* read *ρταιη*.

Page 36, line 3.—For *ρόαμ* read *ρόμα*.

„ „ 28.—For *coιμεαρζεαη* read *coιπέαρζαιη*.

Page 38, line 1.—For *θημξαό-εμοιοε* read *θημξαό εμοιοε*.

„ „ 23.—For *έλοντε* read *έλοντη*.

Page 40.—In heading of chapter read *ριαννυιζεαέτα*.

Page 42, line 1.—For *το-ραιη* read *τό-ραιη*.

„ „ 6.—For *ρεατζ* read *ρεατζαιηεαέτ*.

Page 44, line 2.—For *θοιηιηε* read *θόιηιηε*.

„ „ 6.—For *αη* *ιη* *ρεάρη* *α* *θρυιη* *αιτη* read *ιη* *ρεάρη* *ζο* *θρυιη* *εοταρ* *οητα*.

„ „ 13.—For *τειτρηη* read *τειτηη*.

„ „ 15.—For *λοιθηη* read *λοιθηη*.

„ „ 18.—For *ριαννυιζεαέτα* read *ριαννυιζεαέτα*.

Page 46, line 8.—For *ζεοιτειαν* read *ζεοιτέινη*.

„ „ 23.—For *ριαυθιαν* read *ριαυθιανη*.

„ „ 26.—For *τηιηηαη* read *τηιηηαιη*.

Page 48, line 4.—For *ρζαηέαό* read *ρζαηαό*.

„ „ 5.—For *ριαννυιζεαέτα* read *ριαννυιζεαέτα*.

„ „ 10.—For *ζαθαό* read *ζάθαό*.

„ „ 11.—For *θραγάνας* read *θράγάνας*.

„ „ 23.—For *ριαννυιζεαέτα* read *ριαννυιζεαέτα*.

Page 50, line 3 (from bottom).—For *μηη* read *μινη*.

Page 50, lines 4 and 5 (from bottom).—For αἱ̄ νά̄ παῑς εᾱγλᾱ νά̄  
υᾱμαῑ read νά̄ παῑς εᾱγλᾱ νᾱ υᾱμαῑ ορ̄τᾱ.

Page 52, line 20.—For ῑ νά̄ παῑς read νά̄ παῑς.

„ „ 26.—For αἱ̄ ῑ ρεάρη̄ῑ ατ̄ᾱ αῑτ̄η̄ read ῑ ρεάρη̄ῑ ζο̄ θρῡῑ  
εο̄λᾱρ̄ ορ̄τᾱ.

Page 54, line 13.—After ῑ insert ᾱ.

„ „ 14.—For μνάμαῑῑ read μνάμαῑῑ.

„ „ 23.—For εᾱλαῑο̄τ̄ῑῑ read εᾱλαῑο̄τ̄ῑῑ.

„ „ 24.—For ήεαλαῑο̄τ̄ε read εᾱλαῑο̄ε.

Page 56, line 2 (from bottom).—Insert comma after ρο̄.

Page 58, lines 21 and 23.—For αօ̄ρ read αօ̄ῑρ.

Page 60, line 2.—For ρεαρ̄θρά̄τ̄ραῑῑ read ρεαρ̄θρά̄ῑτ̄ρεᾱσαῑῑ.

„ „ 18.—For έῑη̄σῑο̄ read έῑη̄σῑ.

„ „ 21.—For ρῡαρ̄ιασαῑ the more modern usage is ρῡαῑρ.

„ „ 26.—For ζε̄ῑτ̄τεᾱο̄ read ῑ ηζε̄ῑτ̄τεᾱο̄.

Page 62, line 10.—For οο̄ ζε̄ῑτ̄τεᾱρ̄ read ᾱ ζε̄ῑτ̄τεᾱρ̄.

„ „ 15.—For ργ̄λᾱθῡῑζεᾱε̄τ̄ read ργ̄λᾱθῡῑζεᾱε̄τ̄.

„ „ 23.—For ρτά̄η̄τ̄αῑῑ read ρτᾱη̄τ̄αῑῑ.

Page 64, line 20.—For ρτά̄ῑρ̄ read ρταῑρ̄.

Page 66, line 7.—For νί̄ read νίο̄ρ̄.

Page 68, line 10.—Insert τά̄ after εγ̄ῡρ̄.

Page 72, line 15.—For ᾱn̄ Σῑο̄ννᾱ read Σεᾱναῑς.

„ „ 19.—For θη̄ά̄τ̄αῑρ̄ read θη̄ά̄τ̄αῑρ̄.

Page 76, line 23.—For υᾱ Σο̄μη̄ραῑο̄ read υῑ Σο̄μη̄ραῑο̄.

Page 78, line 15.—For ρο̄η̄σᾱ read ρο̄η̄σᾱ.

„ „ 22.—For σᾱρ̄-υο̄η̄σᾱ read σᾱρ̄-υο̄η̄σᾱ, and for οο̄ ρῡῑρ̄  
read ρῡαῑρ̄.

„ „ 27.—For τά̄ read τά̄.

Page 80, line 10.—For ρτά̄ῑρ̄ read ρταῑρ̄.

Page 82, line 18.—For θιο̄ναῑ the more modern usage is θῑ.

„ „ 27.—For ιο̄η̄ρ̄ better ᾱρ̄.

Page 84, line 11.—For οο̄ μεᾱρ̄ better ᾱn̄ μεᾱρ̄.

„ „ 14.—For οά̄ read θά̄.

Page 86, line 19.—For θεῑρ̄ read θεᾱρ̄.

„ „ 25.—For τεᾱστ̄ read τεᾱστ̄.

Page 88, line 4.—For *ρτάρται* read *ρταρται*.

Page 90, lines 10 and 17.—For *ρτάρται* read *ρταρται*.

„ line 12.—For *ρτάρινοε* read *ρταρινοε*.

„ „ 24.—For *ρτάρια* read *ρταρια*.

Page 92, line 1.—For *έμιος* read *εμιος*.

„ „ 10.—For *ειτες υιρεαρ* read *ειτε ριιρεαρ*.

Page 96, line 3.—For *ριοννιρόεαετα* read *ριαννιριζεαετα*.

„ „ 12.—For *ριανναις* read *ριανναις*.

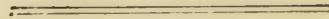
„ „ 20.—For *εατυιςτε* read *εατυιζτε*.

„ „ 24.—For *ομάιοεοιη* read *όμάιοεοιη*.

Page 98, line 2.—For *αιτηιρ* read *αιτηιρε*.

„ „ 13.—For *ροιτειρεαετ* read *ροιτειρεαετ*.

Page 102, line 12.—For *buαn-сoимéaвtа* read *buαn-сoимéaвtа*.







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